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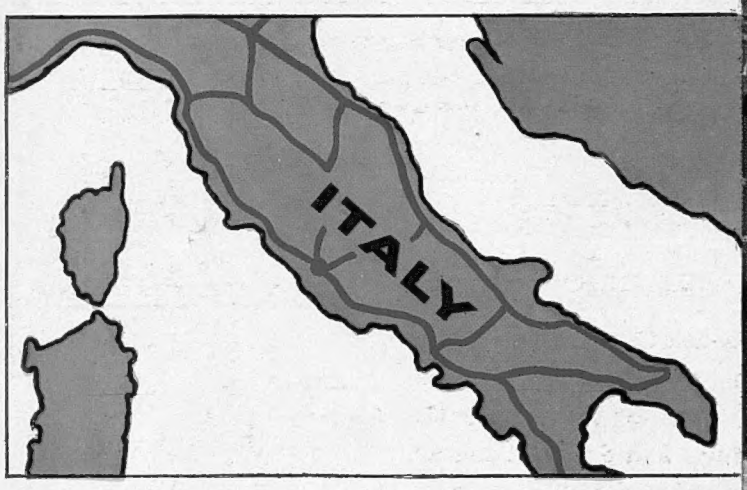

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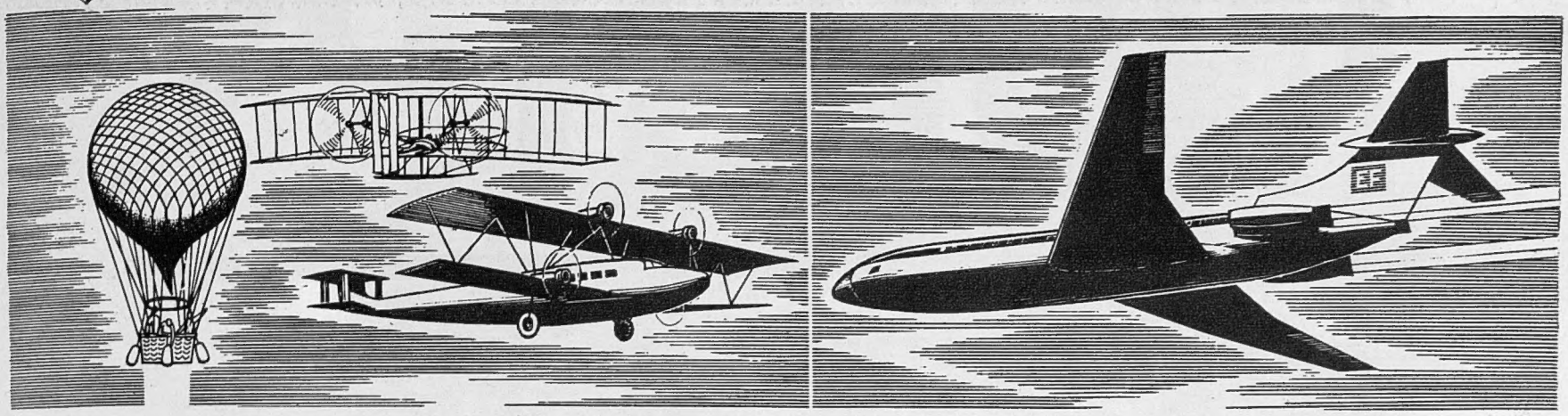

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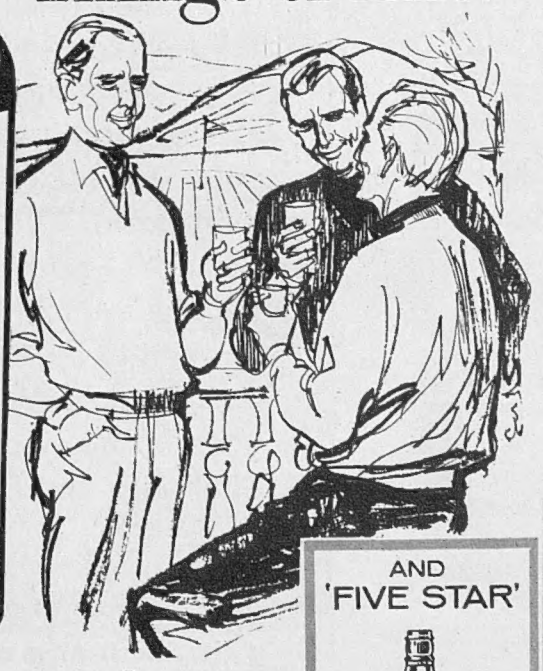

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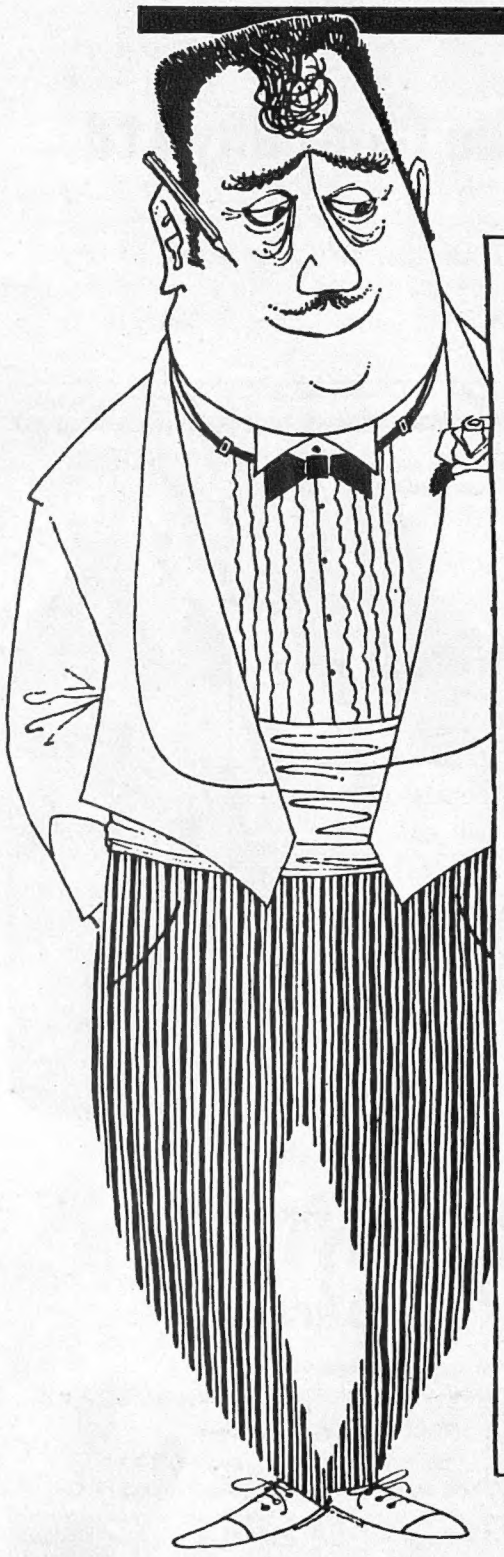

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THE SPHERE

LONDON, August 18, 1962

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A SUMMER WELCOME

Getting his first taste of this year's summer in Britain, General Eisenhower, with the U.S. Ambassador in London, Mr. David Bruce (left), walks across Northolt Airport under a clutch of umbrellas. With his wife and two grandchildren, General Eisenhower arrived in London last week on a short visit, part of their private tour of Europe. He said: "To come back to London is something like coming back home for me. I am, after all, an honorary citizen of this city, and here were spent some of the most exciting days of my life." While in London, General Eisenhower went to have luncheon at Buckingham Palace with the Queen, paid a visit to Mr. Macmillan, and saw Sir Winston Churchill in hospital. Later, General Eisenhower was to go north to Scotland to spend a few days in his private suite in Culzean Castle, in Ayrshire

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NEWS SUMMARY

The anniversary of the Berlin wall; a Russian peace treaty with East Germany?; diplomatic activity over Katanga; changes in Britain's defence policy; riots in Rhodesia

INTERNATIONAL

The week opened with two Russian cosmonauts in orbit in separate spaceships (see the opposite page) and the first anniversary of the building of the Communist wall in **Berlin.** In the past a spectacular Russian space achievement has sometimes been the prelude to some diplomatic initiative, and there was much speculation in the West about whether the " group " space flight had been timed to precede some Russian action over Berlin.

In **Washington** it was rumoured Mr. Khrushchev would visit the United Nations in the autumn and present a Russian-East German peace treaty duly signed. In **London** it was believed Mr. Khrushchev might soon conclude a separate peace treaty with East Germany. Herr Ulbricht, the East German Communist leader, was reported to be in Russia at the head of a delegation, including a number of legal experts. However, it was thought Russia did appreciate the seriousness of Western intentions in Berlin and would not want to risk the possibility of war over any Berlin stipulations in the treaty. (Under various wartime agreements and the post-war Occupation Statutes Britain, the U.S., Russia and France each undertook not to make a separate peace with Germany.)

On the eve of the Berlin wall anniversary Russia sent Notes to Britain, France and the U.S.A. accusing them of conspiring to blow it up. The Western Powers regarded this as a propaganda " insurance " against the possibility of incidents on the anniversary day. Over the weekend intelligence reports spoke of strong Russian and East German military reinforcements along the border to East Berlin.

CONGO

Following a request from the Government of M. Adoula in **Leopoldville,** the U.N. banned flights, except by its own planes, to and from **Elisabethville** and **Kamina,** the two airports under its control. M. Adoula's Government also announced the suspension of telecommunications between Katanga and foreign countries, and said that action would be taken against Congo firms which traded in Katanga. Although these measures were considered an embarrassment to the discussions in Washington between the U.S.A., Belgium, Britain and France on the problem of Katangese secession, M. Adoula was believed to be asserting his authority in the country, where demands to end the secession were rising.

The need to support M. Adoula's Government was the principal factor in the U.S. Government's reported support for economic sanctions against M. Tshombe's regime should it consistently fail to come to an agreement with the Central Government. The British Government's position was not clear; some reports suggested Britain opposed sanctions of any kind, but Mr. Gullion, U.S. Ambassador in Leopoldville, said that Anglo-American differences on this issue had been exaggerated. At the beginning of the week a four-power plan for " peaceful " Congolese reunification was put to the U.N., with the observations on the plan of the Governments concerned. Meanwhile, M. Tshombe, in Geneva for medical treatment, was not allowed to enter Belgium.

GREAT BRITAIN

The main home news last week concerned a major shift in defence requirements, which was taken to foreshadow further developments in the organisation of Britain's defence. Sparking point for the changes was the announcement, to end weeks of speculation, of the scrapping of the programme of Blue Water, a tactical guided missile with nuclear warhead, intended for the Army. At the same time, Mr. Thorneycroft, the Minister of Defence, made it clear that development and production would continue on TSR.2, a tactical strike and reconnaissance aircraft for the R.A.F.; on Blue Steel, the R.A.F.'s guided stand-off bomb; on Thunderbird Mk. 2, a surface-to-air missile; and Seaslug II, a naval anti-aircraft rocket. Decisions were taken to proceed with seven other projects, including the Bloodhound Mk. 2 ground-to-air missile; the C.F. 299, a new naval surface-to-air guided weapon; Swingfire, a new anti-tank guided weapon; armoured personnel carriers for the Army; and a third nuclear submarine. Another major project to be supported is the Hawker P.1154 vertical take-off fighter to replace the Hunter and Sea Vixen.

M. Tshombe, President of the Congolese province of Katanga, leaves his hotel during his visit to Geneva

CHINA

Reports reached London by a roundabout route last weekend that the Chiang Kai-shek family, controlling Nationalist Formosa, and the Chinese Communist Government in **Pekin** had reached a secret agreement which provided (1) for a truce in the Straits of Formosa; (2) after General Chiang Kai-shek's death Formosa would become an autonomous region of China; and (3) eventually Formosa might become part of China proper. The reports came by way of Hong Kong, Macao and Malaya. In **Washington,** a spokesman of the Nationalist Chinese Embassy described the reports as " too ridiculous to warrant any serious comment."

POLAND

The touchy relations between the Communist regime and the extremely-powerful Roman Catholic Church in Poland were again in the news last weekend. In **Warsaw,** Cardinal Wyszynski, the Polish Primate, protested against the closure of three convents and nurseries in the Warsaw district and the eviction of the nuns. His protest, in the form of a pastoral letter, was read from pulpits throughout the capital. Cardinal Wyszynski was due to speak this week at Czestochowa on Holy Mother's Day, at the gathering of Polish pilgrims marking the most important religious festival of the Polish year.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

Two Bills were tabled by the Government in **Salisbury** providing increased powers to deal with extremist organisations. Observers suggested that they foreshadowed the banning of Mr. Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union; the Bills were strongly attacked by Sir Robert Tredgold, formerly Chief Justice of the Federation. At the weekend, riots followed the break-up by police of an unauthorised meeting of the Trade Union Congress at the township **Sinoia,** 90 miles north of Salisbury.

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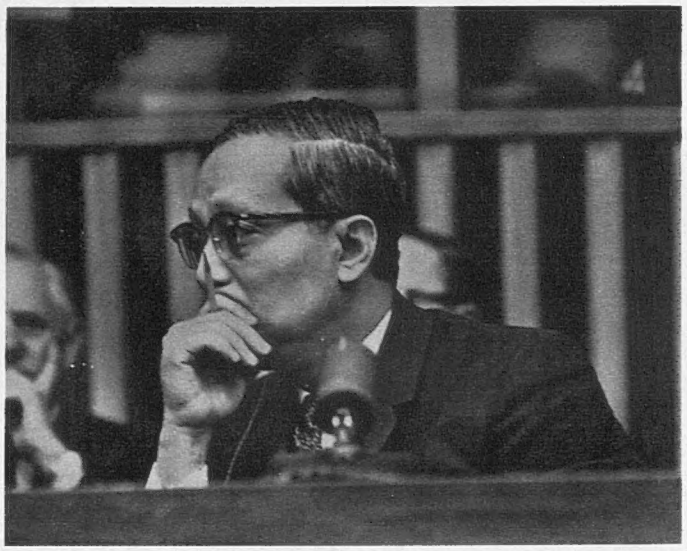
JOINT RUSSIAN COSMONAUTS IN SPACE—LIEUT.-COL. POPOVICH AND MAJOR ANDRIAN NIKOLAYEV

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Far left: Russia's fourth cosmonaut, Lieut.-Colonel Pavel Popovich, smiles as he adjusts his helmet before being launched in his space craft, *Vostok IV*. He went into orbit last Sunday to join Major Nikolayev in *Vostok III* **(left),** their space craft travelling in nearly the same orbit. By the time Colonel Popovich went up, Major Nikolayev had been in orbit nearly twenty-four hours and later he became the farthest-travelled spaceman. The Russian feat of having two men up in space simultaneously was hailed all over the world as a major technical triumph. The cosmonauts were expected to remain in space for several days while they carried out "joint group work," and they might be joined by other space craft. It was believed in the West that Russia was carrying out an intensive programme in preparation for establishing a rendezvous technique in space. This would enable a number of satellites to be linked up in orbit to form a launch platform for a two-stage attempt to travel to the moon

GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR IN WASHINGTON



THE MAN WITH WORLD RESPONSIBILITIES

Far left: In Washington, Senator R. B. Russell, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, talks to General Maxwell D. Taylor, who is to become Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff at the end of September. General Taylor said last week that he was surprised at Press comment that his appointment foreshadowed a change in the American attitude to the defence of Europe. General Taylor, who is President Kennedy's military adviser, has been the architect of the U.S.'s present defence policy

U Thant, the Acting Secretary-General of the United Nations, currently concerned with Congo and West New Guinea, among other problems, ponders at a news conference in New York. He told pressmen that he would consider becoming a candidate for a full five-year term in office if he felt he could bridge the gap between Russia and the United States. His term expires next April, so the next Secretary-General will have to be chosen by the U.N. General Assembly which begins its session on September 18

TRUCE IN ALGERIA

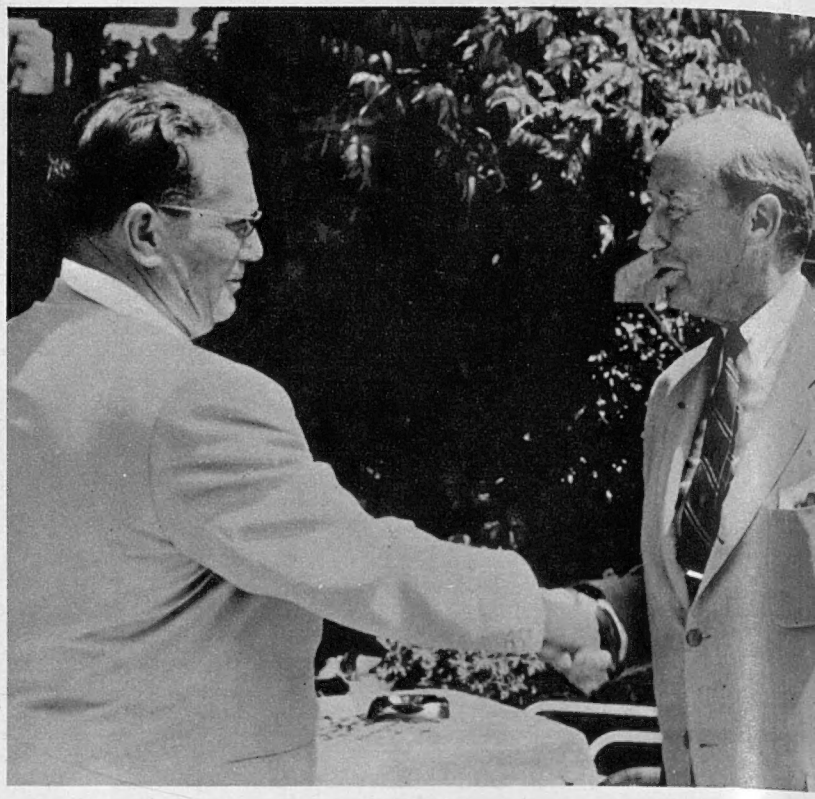
M. Ben Khedda (left), Prime Minister of the Algerian Provisional Government, and M. Ben Bella, Vice-President, are seen in Algiers after the latter's triumphal entry. Last week, after an agreement between factions, the seven-man politburo, headed by M. Ben Bella, began the arrangements for the elections to the first Parliament of independent Algeria. For a month since independence a struggle for power had ensued in which the two Algerians were the leading protagonists

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

General Paul L. Freeman, the C.-in-C. of the U.S. Army in Europe, and General Ivan Yakubovsky, the Soviet C.-in-C. in East Germany, leave the saluting base after reviewing a parade of U.S. troops at the U.S. Army Headquarters, Heidelberg, in West Germany. It was the first courtesy visit of this kind by the Soviet Commander in Germany for four years. Earlier this summer, General Freeman paid a courtesy visit to the Soviet headquarters near East Berlin

SOVIET GENERAL IN WEST GERMANY

Far right: President Tito of Yugoslavia shakes hands with Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the U.S. Permanent Representative at the United Nations. Mr. Stevenson, who was on holiday in Europe, cruising in the Adriatic, saw President Tito last week



MR. ADLAI STEVENSON IN YUGOSLAVIA

In London, Mr. Abdussalam Shuaib, the Vice-Chairman of Kuwait Airways; Mr. Nisf Al Yusuf Al Nisf, chairman of the airline; and Sir Aubrey Burke, deputy managing director of the Hawker Siddeley Group, sign the contract by which Kuwait is ordering two de Havilland Trident jet airliners and one Comet 4C airliner from de Havilland. Kuwait also ordered three One-Eleven jet airliners from the British Aircraft Corporation. The total cost of the aircraft is over £8,000,000

NEW BRITISH AIRLINERS FOR KUWAIT AIRWAYS

Far right: Viscount Brookeborough, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, inspects one of the exhibits after opening the "The Legend of Linen" exhibition at the Ceylon Tea Centre in London. Extreme left is Mr. J. M. Grey, president of the Irish Linen Guild. The exhibition is open until August 18

EXHIBITION OF IRISH LINEN IN LONDON

KENYA MINISTERS' DELEGATION CONCLUDE TALKS IN LONDON

From left are Mr. Towett, Kenya Minister for Lands, Surveys and Town Planning; Mr. Gichuru, Minister for Finance; Mr. Mboya, Minister for Labour, and Mr. McKenzie, Minister for Land Settlement and Water Development, at a Press conference in London. They were members of a Kenya Government delegation which concluded talks last week with Mr. Sandys, Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Secretary. Mr. Gichuru said that three matters were discussed—help for the final year of Kenya's three-year development programme, assistance in special projects planned to create 60,000 jobs, and the British Government's plan to finance the purchase of 1,000,000 acres of land in the White Highlands for re-settlement by Africans. Mr. Mboya said the Ministers were "satisfied and hopeful" after the talks. **Above right:** Thirteen Kenya students leave Nairobi Airport to take up four-year U.S. Government scholarships at universities in the United States

STUDENTS LEAVE NAIROBI TO STUDY IN THE U.S.A.

JOHN CONNELL

THE CRUNCH AND THE PAUSE

Of all the hours of the twenty-four which mark our planet's orbit around the sun, that between three and four o'clock in the morning is the most testing to human nerves, heart and spirit. Soldiers on guard—as I learned over twenty years ago, on A.A. gunsites around South London—detest it.

It is the hour when the flame flickers low in the breast of even the most valiant of us. It is, in our tortured time, the hour when the secret police call. It is the hour when the defences are down, and a kind of truth—naked, defiant, sullen if brave, pitiable if timorous — tumbles out unbidden.

It was at just this hour on the morning of Sunday August 5 that the protracted, arduous and complicated negotiations about the terms of Britain's entry into the European Economic Community came to an abrupt and dramatic climax. Some hours later, in a grey dawn, dog-weary journalists confronted blear-eyed politicians whose emotions are better imagined than described. Harsh words were spoken. Reality—the jagged, careless reality of men who knew that they ought to keep their guard up, but were too exhausted, too edgy, and too exasperated to follow the drill—burst through and replaced the habitual smooth and meaningless platitudes. An enormous (and, I should imagine, costly and laborious job) of covering up and explaining away has been done since. To understand what really happened in Brussels on that fateful Sunday morning commentators at present, and historians in the future, will be well advised to kick over the gallons of whitewash and rip off the layers upon layers of plaster and pretty, chintzy paper, and read (with care) the first reports.

They—and I include even the ordinarily urbane prose of Printing House Square's Common Market Correspondent—are curiously revealing, and not a little disconcerting. As many of us felt at the climax of those nightmare weeks over Suez that we had stumbled, willy-nilly, to a momentous watershed in our country's history, so I know that I—far less near the centre of events now than I was six years ago, and preserving (I hope) a certain resolute detachment, uncheered and undepressed—was aware of the fierce, biting wind of our age about us, moaning and wailing like a banshee.

The delegates had settled down to talk at twenty to four on the afternoon of Saturday, August 4. There—in Brussels of all places—were they not in the least conscious of the day's tremendous omens? Did no ghostly Edward Grey stand, even for a few seconds, at the shoulder of his later, much younger brother in Balliol's ample companionship? Did not M. Couve de Murville, that lovable, gifted and gallant man, recall for an instant all the suffering and grief that intransigence has brought to Europe? I cannot believe that he was so insensitive. Yet was this a season for sudden, tough horse-trading, of (and I hate having to write it) an almost cynically selfish character? Does Britain, in spite of her tardiness and evasiveness, in spite of her doubts and her clinging to old associations, deserve to be brow-beaten by an old friend?

Let us consider what was accomplished before the breakdown, which the hand-out boys and the official spokesmen and all the other performing seals now forbid us to call a breakdown. Apart altogether from the doubtless important question of who conceded what to whom, let us list the real points of progress towards an agreement, on the completely crucial matter of the safeguarding of Britain's trading relations with the Commonwealth. The draft texts of agreement covered (by Sunday morning) some nine-tenths of the difficulties that will arise from British entry into E.E.C.

It had been agreed that the Common Market's price system would be such as to allow Australian, Canadian and New Zealand food exporters what were described as " reasonable opportunities." It had been agreed that the Six would permit Australian, Canadian and New Zealand farmers to enjoy the same preferences as their European counterparts in the first years after Britain's entry. They said that they were prepared to make the process of abolishing the preferences slower than had been previously proposed. It had been agreed that a conference should be called in 1963, attended by the principal wheat suppliers in the free world, to find ways of compensating the Commonwealth for ill-effects. The Six, on their own initiative, raised what they admitted to be the *special* problem of New Zealand's dependence on her butter exports to Britain. Was it any wonder that the Common Market correspondents of Britain's Sunday newspapers worded their last stories, before their papers went to bed, so optimistically that the headlines read: " Six and Britain: Real Progress " and " Hopes Rise in Brussels: Agreement with Six Nearer as French Turn Helpful."

Theirs was a short-lived euphoria. The B.B.C.'s eight o'clock news cut savagely across it. At ten minutes past three M. Couve de Murville unmasked his guns. He asked the British Government to agree to a whole series of commitments on the Common Market's regulations, whose purpose was to finance a common agricultural policy. The French had already made it clear that they wanted the regulations to be interpreted in such a manner as would ensure France receiving special benefits as a consequence of Britain's large contributions to E.E.C.'s central agricultural fund.

Mr. Heath replied that Britain had already assured the Six that she accepted the regulations; but that on behalf of his Government he could not agree to the interpretations the French put upon them until he had had them examined by legal experts; and that the bleak small hours of that Sunday morning in Brussels did not provide an immediately suitable occasion for such a scrutiny. He added that in his view there was no need to insist that a detailed discussion of and agreement upon the very complicated regulations was not necessarily part of the negotiations on safeguards for the Commonwealth.

M. de Murville countered by asserting that if Mr. Heath rejected his proposition that agreement on the regulations must form part of an overall view of the terms of British entry to be put before the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, then France must reserve her position on the agreements reached on the food safeguards, of which I have given a short list earlier.

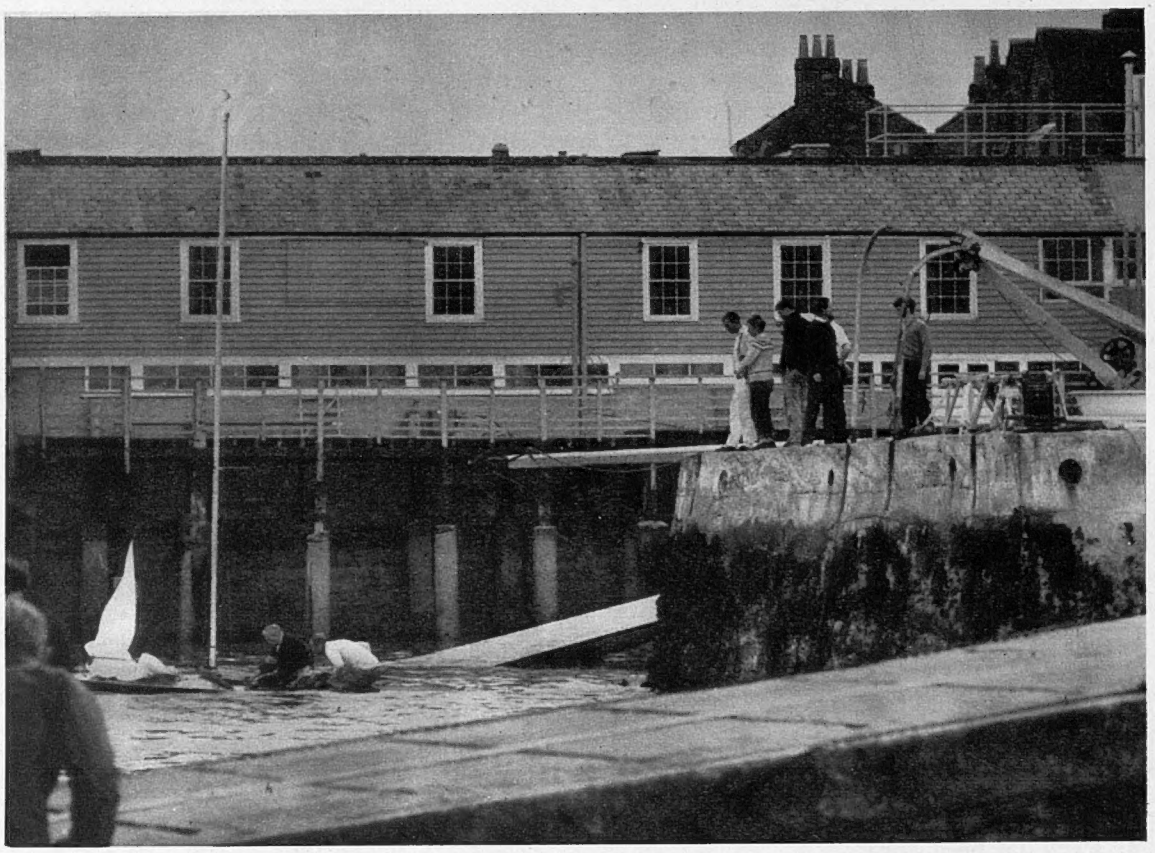
Discussions dawdled on for four more hours, as the storm-swept day strengthened outside the assembly hall. Poor M. Schaus, the Foreign Minister of Luxembourg, who had hitherto presided, was so obviously exhausted that he handed over his duties to Signor Colombo, the Italian

Mr. Heath, Lord Privy Seal and Minister in charge of the Common Market negotiations, is serenaded by a street band on his way to a meeting with the Six in Brussels

Minister of Commerce, who is a good deal younger. Other members of the Six rounded on M. de Murville, in protest against the pressure which he had suddenly put on Mr. Heath. Forlornly they decided to postpone further discussion of the Commonwealth issue until they had come to a decision on the French move.

Mr. Heath was quite unruffled, calm and even-tempered. But he would not budge. M. de Murville's Gallic incisiveness blunted itself against this massive shield. Mr. Heath said, smiling, that he was prepared to talk on and on and on. But the others wilted at the prospect. Even to M. de Murville the month of *les vacances* is sacred. A little after seven o'clock it was decided to adjourn the negotiations until early October. Regret? Relief? Resentment at so much apparent wasted effort? It was difficult in the immediate aftermath to disentangle the emotions of the negotiators. Impromptu Press conferences were held out on the pavement, in the cold wind and the rain. The Belgians and the Dutch were dourly critical of the French; the French expostulated that they were not to blame; Mr. Heath, bland to the last, ambled off to bed for an hour or two.

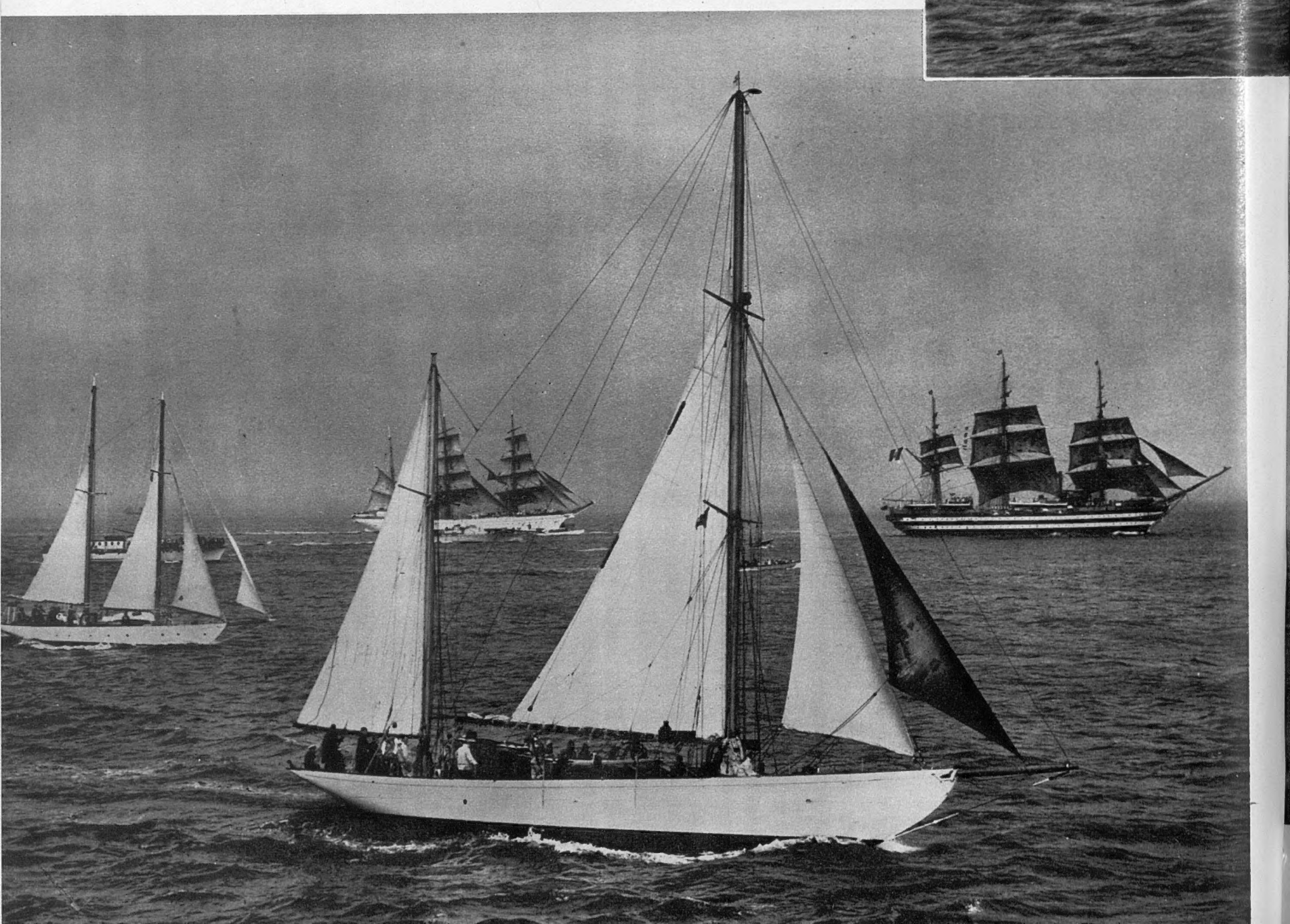
The vociferous protestations and explanations may be disregarded. To someone like myself who has always had doubts and reservations, which have strengthened the more I have listened to the arguments of E.E.C.'s most eager supporters, the Brussels adjournment is welcome. And since, on the surface at any rate, I seem to be in agreement with Mr. Heath, my country's principal negotiator, why should I fuss? I always believed that the real crunch would come over the trading prospects of the countries of " the old Commonwealth "; I never thought that Australia, Canada and New Zealand (not to mention the Central African Federation, which is just as deeply involved) ought to be brushed aside with a mere " Sorry, old chap, that 's the way things are," but I greatly feared that they would be; and I am delighted that France's spikiness has, for the moment, worked to the Commonwealth's advantage.



The Duke of Edinburgh with Uffa Fox inspects *Coweslip*. On the jetty is the collapsed boom which narrowly missed him

UNDER SAIL

The weather was unkind to Cowes Regatta last week and was responsible for the Duke of Edinburgh having a narrow escape from serious injury. *Coweslip*, in which he was sailing with Mr. Uffa Fox, was laid over by a gust of wind and filled with water. She was towed back to a quay where the winch used to lift her out collapsed and the boom landed only a few inches from where the Duke was standing. From Cowes the Duke went to Torbay to start the Tall Ships on their race—to Rotterdam, for the smaller entries, and to Dieppe for the larger.



The start of a race for One Design yachts during Cowes Week. In the background are the Royal yacht *Britannia* and U.S.S. *Rhodes*, which was on a goodwill visit to Britain

Entries battle through choppy seas during the Tall Ships race. **Left:** *Urania* in foreground is followed by *Wyvern*. Background are *Gorch Fock*, on left, and *Amerigo Vespucci*

Princess Margaret is welcomed at the University of the West Indies near Kingston

Clergy greet the Princess on arrival for a service in Spanish Town Cathedral

The reading of the Speech from the Throne at the state opening of Jamaica's Parliament. At left on dais is the Governor-General and immediately below him Sir A. Bustamante

Princess Margaret and Sir Alexander Bustamante, Prime Minister of Jamaica, arrive for a State ball in Kingston during the independence celebrations

INDEPENDENCE FOR JAMAICA

At midnight on August 5 Jamaica became a fully independent member of the Commonwealth. Princess Margaret, representing the Queen, and Lord Snowdon were present among the vast audience in the national stadium in Kingston, when 307 years of British rule ended with the hauling down of the Union Jack and the hoisting of the new Jamaican flag. Standing with the Princess and her husband were Sir Kenneth Blackburne, the island's first Governor-General, and Sir Alexander Bustamante, the Prime Minister. On the following day the Princess presided at the opening of the first Jamaican Parliament under independence and read the Speech from the Throne. This surveyed "the comprehensive development plan" being prepared for Jamaica. Among those watching the ceremony from below the Bar of the House were Mr. Hugh Fraser, Britain's Secretary for Air, the Duke of Devonshire, Joint Under-Secretary, Commonwealth Relations Office, and Mr. Lyndon Johnson, Vice-President of the United States, representing President Kennedy. Dr. Ralph Bunche represented U Thant at the celebrations.

b

Sir Charles Maclean, Commonwealth Chief Scout, talks to members of the Norwegian contingent at the International Scout Camp held in Windsor Great Park at the invitation of the Queen

A member of the Underwater Search Unit of the Metropolitan Police holds up a rusty bicycle frame found during a demonstration by the unit in the Thames at Kingston

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

RECESS. Parliament is in recess. Its members recently streamed away to lick their wounds on the beaches and the moors, and to fight their Party political campaigns in their constituencies. Apart from the possibility of a brief recall for a special session on the Common Market, it seems we shall hear no more of their ripostes and wisecracks under the Tower until late October. We shall, most of us, bear that deprivation philosophically. (For my part, the deprivation of the Law Reports will be a more severe affliction.) The Commons dispersed comforted with the knowledge that the door is still open to their demands for higher pay at some moment deemed more appropriate than the present, and the Lords went off comforted by an interim report of the Lords Reform Committee that it will never recommend the total extinction of an hereditary peerage. Whatever a holder may be suffered to do for himself in his lifetime, it will " leave us still our old nobility."

COMFORT FOR ALL. So August 3 brought comfort and peace of mind to all of us, in one way or another, when the Mother of Parliaments snuffed out her candle and laid her head on the pillow with a flattering consciousness of domestic duties well-performed, hoping that no alarm clock of foreign make would wake her in the small hours. It won't be all spades and buckets, dancing and grog, for these released schoolboys. Ministers, old and young, in the reformed Government will be bending their minds to very urgent problems or making acquaintance with their permanent officials and masters ; and we shall not forget their faces, for they will make periodic appearances on TV, and the handsomest of all—Jo Grimond's—will fill the little window on our world more often than before. We have much we can be thankful for.

N.I.C. Perhaps pardonably, I have never been very clear about the working-out in practice of those " effective economic and financial controls which the Opposition has always advocated," and without which the economic plight of this country can, in Lord Alexander's words, never be retrieved. N.I.C. certainly seems a body lacking teeth and clear objectives, and it is hard to see much future for it unless it succeeds not only in influencing public opinion but in galvanising it into action by the constitutional means available to public opinion awakened. Like all plans and projects to solve our present economic troubles put forward by the Tory Government, it has the Opposition parties and the T.U.C. blindly, solidly and instantly against it. For at a time when the Party in power is in decline in popular favour, any stick—and this is a tough one—is used to belabour a rival thought to be weakening. But supposing the Socialists were in power and a time came (before their " effective controls " had ensured that productivity once more kept pace with wage increases) when their finance Ministers found it necessary temporarily to halt the latter, would they carry the T.U.C. with them in imposing that necessary temporary restraint? Would Mr. Gaitskell and Co. lose their strongest Party-political ally; or carry the T.U.C. with them? It is a riddle which leads me to think that in our present " candy-floss civilisation and affluent society," no government of any political colour can confidently promise to " show us any good." The clamour for candy-floss drowns the voice of reason.

WESTERN APPROACHES. " What the end of it will be, God knows," Mr. Pepys sometimes remarked when recording portents and dangers. And Mr. Marples, coping (faint yet pursuing) with the problem of holiday traffic jams, may ask the same rhetorical question. A first view of Exeter's by-pass layout on a weekday in winter would suggest good work competently done to cope with traffic problems in a bottle-neck area, and indeed in winter the traffic jogs along without complaint. But from June onwards till September it is another story, when a journey of 25 miles may take three hours and 12-mile queues of stop-and-go travellers are not uncommon. When August comes, the problem of " ironing-out the bottle-necks " is seen to be as far from solution as ever it was. Only bad weather can help. And the Western approaches are not necessarily the greatest of Mr. Marples' headaches. True, the West Country is still much sought-after. As early as May it is practically impossible to steer or park a car in the narrow streets of little seaside resorts such as Looe or St. Ives, after ten o'clock of a weekend morning. When the school holidays begin by August, the queues approaching these places stretch back miles inland, and most of the sunlit hours of a precious day are spent at the wheel breathing in dust and fumes.

THE BITTER LESSON. And still they come! . . . Hope is not taxed, experience is no deterrent. Only a small proportion of country-dwellers have learned the bitter lesson that at weekends the car should remain in the garage and one should cultivate one's garden, and fewer still accept the inevitable that only necessary journeys take the car from its garage any day of the week in August. Appoint an

The opening ceremony of Fort Southwick, Portsmouth, as the headquarters of the Nato Commander-in-Chief, Channel. Flying at the entrance of the fort are the flags of the Netherlands, Belgium, France and Britain

An aerial view, by Aerofilms, of part of the new Slough by-pass on the A.4. The by-pass, on which construction is well advanced, is due to be completed next year

Admiral of the Western (or, for that matter, the North-Eastern, North-Western or South-Eastern) Approaches and give him full plenary powers, and what can he do to " iron-out the bottle-necks "? Nothing, unless he takes a leaf from the Book of Herod and drastically reduces the population. This island is too small, its population 50 per cent. too big for its available space, and all too hopeful and tough. A free society must be free to choose its own ideas of pleasure, and an opulent society can afford to pay for them and mock them. Freedom and opulence in a confined space create a vicious circle—a squirrel in a cage.

THE WAY THROUGH. Myself (when young) wrote a little guide-book to England called *The Way In.* It had a limited sale. In old age, when the making of books comes harder to me and of the making of books there is no end, I am not so mean and jealous as to wish for a limited sale for young authors. But I do incline to hope that a recent book will not become a best-seller. Its aim is, by description and illustration, to indicate how, by the use of our admirably smooth, if tortuous by-roads, motorists may avoid all main-road bottle-necks and get to their destinations as quickly, if with longer mileages, " away from it all, the queues and fumes and frustrations." That 's all right by me. I have carried out such researches and use my discoveries always at weekends. But I don't advertise them, and only reveal them to intimate friends pledged to secrecy. You know what publicity can do. Years ago we discovered in West Wittering, beyond Chichester, the last remaining south coast beach where one could bathe in privacy. Two summers later, West Wittering looked like an Epsom car-park on Derby Day, and a queue of stationary cars making for this " last stronghold of solitude " stretched back through Chichester to Singleton—about eight miles. The secret had leaked out. I have discovered, and use, several such tortuous by-ways, very complicated and wonderfully peaceful, to reach my ends. I hope none of them figure in this pathfinder. If they don't, good luck to the author. If they do, I shall return to the trunk roads.

THE OLD STAGER

The Voice of the Commonwealth

FESTIVAL IN THE KLONDIKE

Canada recalls the Gold Rush of '98

There are still a few old-timers around in the Yukon territory who can remember the immortal days of the Klondike Gold Rush in 1898. Likewise in the area of Dawson City old buildings, mine-workings, river-boats and other relics can still be seen. To " catch history by the tail," before this residue of the past disappears completely, the Federal and Yukon Governments, with Tom Patterson's Canadian Theatre Exchange and residents of Dawson City, have sponsored an annual Klondike Gold Rush Festival. The first one, opened on July 1 by Mr. Dinsdale, the Canadian Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources, comes to a close this week, having been attended by over 20,000 visitors.

One of the main attractions of the festival was the opening after half a century of Dawson's Palace Grand Theatre. Built in 1899 by " Arizona " Charlie Meadows, scene of countless diversions for mountain-weary sourdoughs with leather pouches full of yellow dust, it was one of the few buildings in Dawson to survive the long ghost-town period when the population dropped from 30,000 to 600. A musical called *Foxy*, a free adaptation of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, set in the days of the Klondike Gold Rush, with book by Ring Lardner, Jnr., and Ian McLellan Hunter, music by Robert Emmett Dolan and lyrics by Johnny Mercer, was the first production at the restored theatre.

Other attractions at the Festival included authentic honky-tonk at the Red Feather Saloon; an Eskimo fashion show at Madame Tremblay's; a visit to the restored Keno river-boat on the Yukon river and the bank where Robert Service worked when he wrote " The Shooting of Dan McGrew," " The Cremation of Sam McGee," and other ballads of the Yukon. This poet arrived in the area when the peak of the gold rush was over, but stories and legends lived on, and he recorded them in rich, unforgettable verse which brought him the title of Canada's Kipling. Service, the story goes, had his first volume of poems rejected by an old Scots printer in Dawson, who, had he accepted them, would probably have made well over £30,000.

The more active visitors panned their own gold from a proven claim, visited the silver mines at Keno, went on the mountain railway from Whitehorse to Skagway or went on flights to the Arctic Circle by the light of the midnight sun, where Eskimo drum dancers performed their ancient ritual.

Thus the atmosphere of the '98 was re-created, while a few lingering old-stagers dimly recalled the events of that fabulous year. No one knows how many people reached the city which sprang up overnight in the bleak northern mountains after George Carmack, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie found gold in Bonanza Creek. Some estimates say 100,000. Many amateur " sourdoughs " and their pathetic horses died on the way up the treacherous Chilkoot Pass from Alaska. Some reached Dawson, stayed awhile and then went home, as if the gold rush was just an excuse to conquer some deep personal obstacle; like mountain climbers, they went because it was there. But for most the lure of gold was the driving force, a call that made men voluntarily face incredible hardships, work like slaves, become single-minded digging machines. Curiously, lawlessness was unusual, murder unknown.

At the opening performance of *Foxy* at the restored Palace Grand Theatre

Some of the old pictures of prospectors have a strange innocence about them, which sets them apart from the usual kind of adventurer. Toughness was reserved to battle the relentless country, not one's fellow-men. This was the frontier spirit described in Robert Service's " Ballads of a Cheechako ":

> You may recall that sweep of savage splendour,
> . . . And feel in memory, half-fierce, half-tender
> The brotherhood of men that know the North.

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

A picture in 1898 of miners on Claim No. 1. Eldorado Creek. **Right:** The Canadian Bank of Commerce looks much as it did when Robert Service worked there

The continuous trail of amateur sourdoughs and their packhorses crawling over Chilkoot Pass—a photograph taken during the Gold Rush of sixty-four years ago

In 1898 gold dust was legal tender for almost all purchases in Dawson. **Below:** In 1962 Mr. Dinsdale, Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources, chats with a couple of old-timers

The steamboat *Seattle No. 1* arrives at Dawson City at midnight on June 28, 1898, 314 days after leaving San Francisco

HEMINGWAY'S ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN : In this episode of the film version, Nick Adams (Richard Beymer) is helping the advance man of a burlesque show

ENTERTAINMENT

EDINBURGH PREVIEW

This year's festival is being held from August 19 to September 8

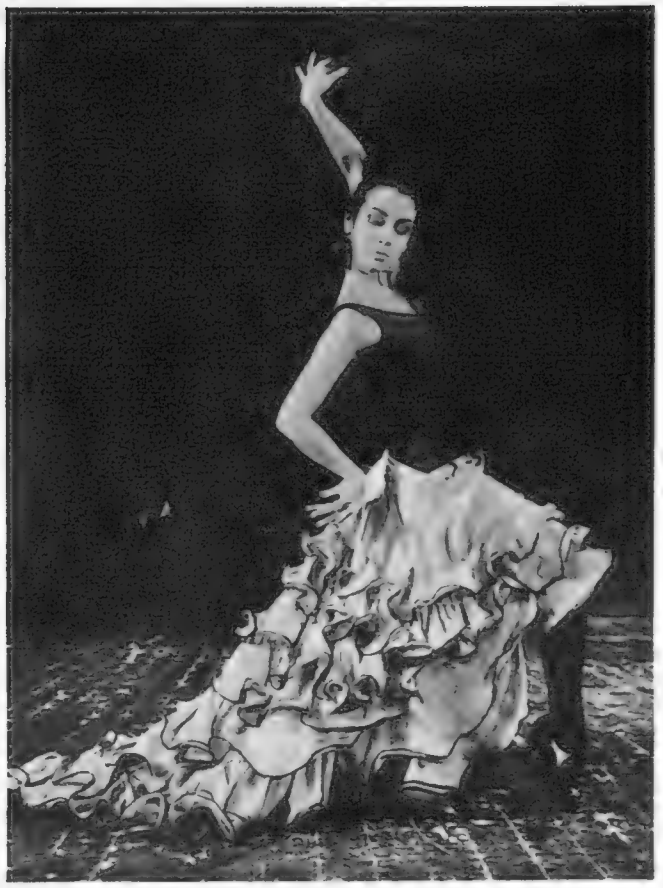
Contributions from Eastern Europe will add their distinctive flavour to this year's festival, with the Belgrade Opera Company in such works as *Prince Igor;* their companion ballet company; a late night show from Prague; the Polish Radio Symphony Orchestra; and an exhibition of modern Yugoslav paintings. The chamber and orchestral music programmes are making a special feature of the work of Dmitri Shostakovitch. Other outstanding visitors to Edinburgh include the Ballet du Vingtième Siècle from Brussels; and the Royal Shakespeare Company in *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Devils*, and the English première of Christopher Fry's *Curtmantle*.

There will be a Writers' Conference attended by distinguished authors from all over the world. Details of this year's film festival had not been finally settled at the time of writing, but will include 20th Century-Fox's loving, nostalgic version of Hemingway's stories of the growing up of Nick Adams and Cacoyannis's version of *Electra*.

The " Battler " (Paul Newman)

The wounded Nick Adams is nursed in Italy by Rosanna (Susan Strasberg)

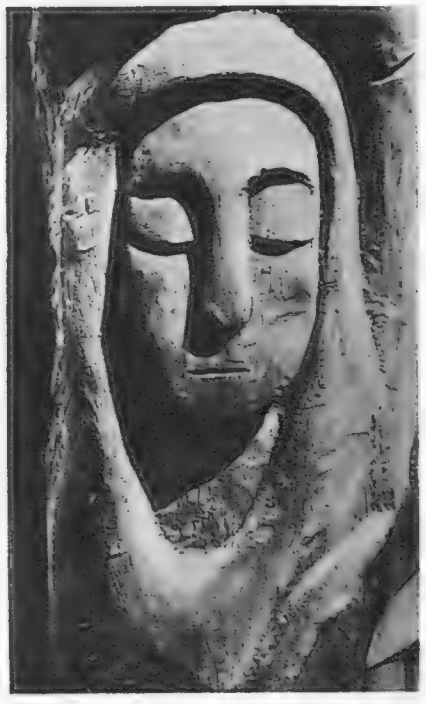
ELECTRA: The film of the tragedy, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, stars Irene Papas (left)



WHAT NEXT? A scene from a fascinating entertainment from Prague. **Right:** THE INFANTA'S BIRTHDAY: One of the stars in this Belgrade Opera Ballet production is Mira Sanjina

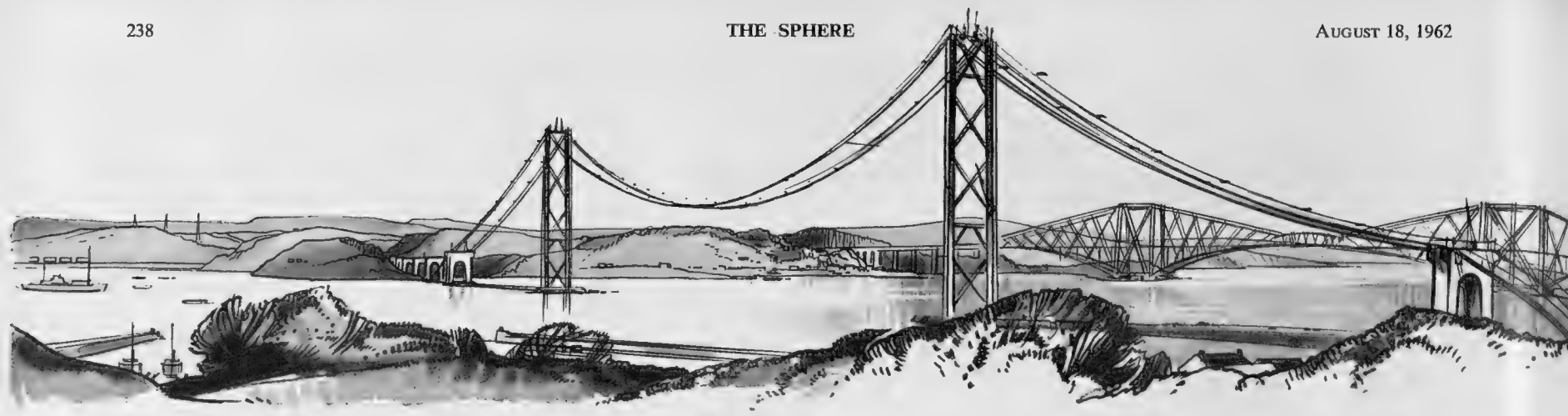
Jan Krenz will conduct the Polish Radio Symphony Orchestra

KHOVANSHCHINA: Zarko Cvejic in a leading role of the Belgrade Opera's production of Moussorgsky's opera



A striking wood carving—"The Pillar of Dreams," by Bogosav Zivkovic

Two of the paintings from the exhibition of Yugoslav modern primitives—"The Bridal Pair," by Mirko Virius, and "In the Village," by Franjo Mraz



In the left background on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth the new road is being cut through the hillside to the west of North Queensferry. The cables over the water show the

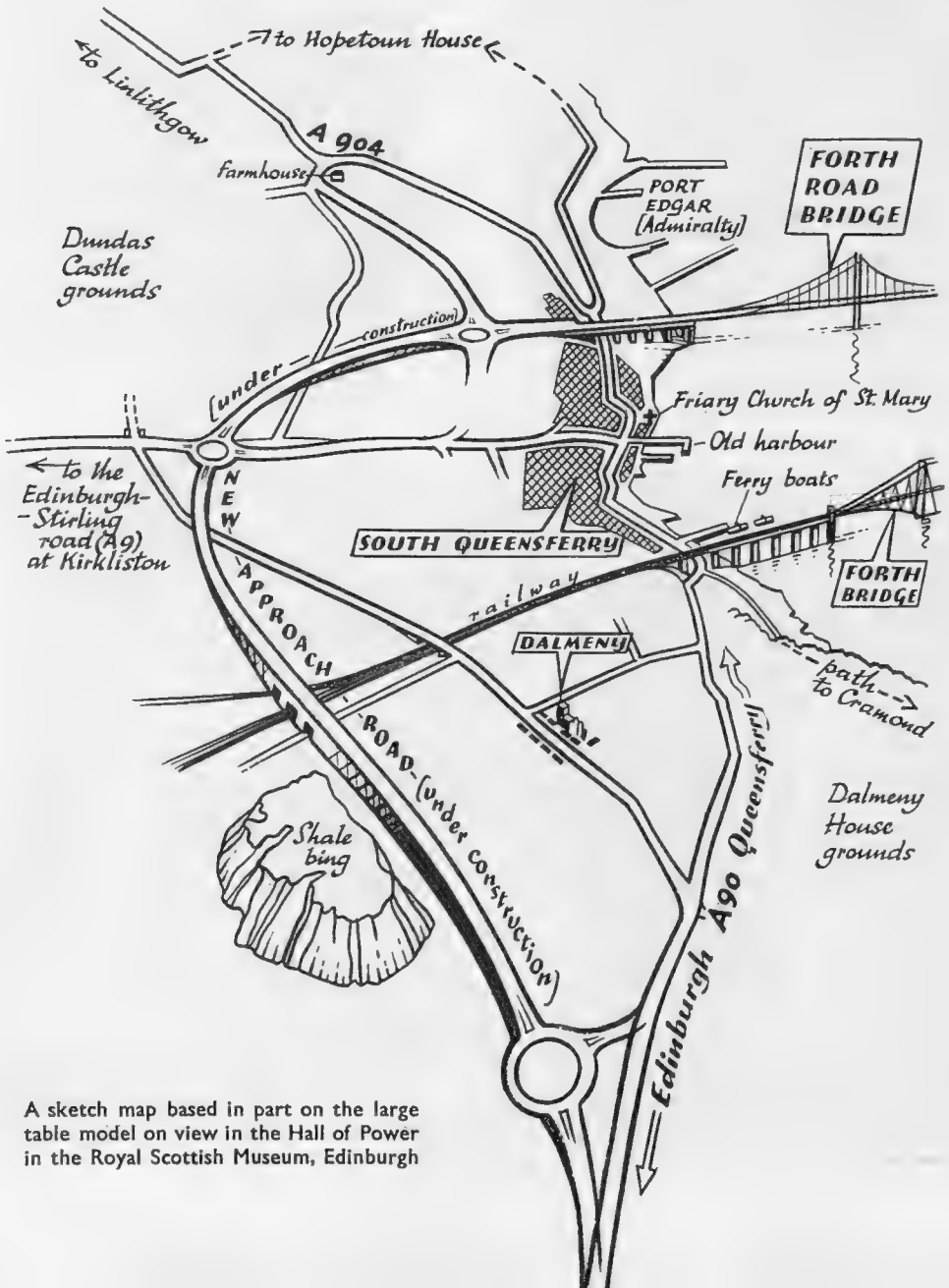
THE FORTH ROAD BRIDGE

The approaches to a new landmark in Scotland

Visitors to Edinburgh nowadays find additional interest in the South Queensferry district ten miles away, where construction is well advanced on the approach roads and on the new road bridge itself over the Firth of Forth. When it is completed the bridge will have the longest single span of any bridge of its kind in Europe. Its main towers, each 500 ft. in height, will be half as high again as the adjacent neighbouring bridge.

The motorist setting out from Edinburgh along the A 90 will notice outside Dalmeny a shale bing—one of the great mounds of slag from the shale oil workings of past times in Lothian. The engineers have found this slag ideal for building the embankments of the roads to the new bridge. So the bing may eventually be entirely demolished. Dalmeny is reached by the old road off the A 90. Thereafter one must follow diversions dictated by the progress in the road work. One should aim at the route going down into South Queensferry. This

(Continued on page 240)



A sketch map based in part on the large table model on view in the Hall of Power in the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh

Spinning the cables from huge drums of wire at the southern end of the structure

e the bridge is to take. Right is the approach on concrete arches to the southern side of the bridge. In background is the railway bridge

Drawings by John Mackay

e has been a major operation

The Friary Church of St. Mary of Mount Carmel, on the shore road at South Queensferry

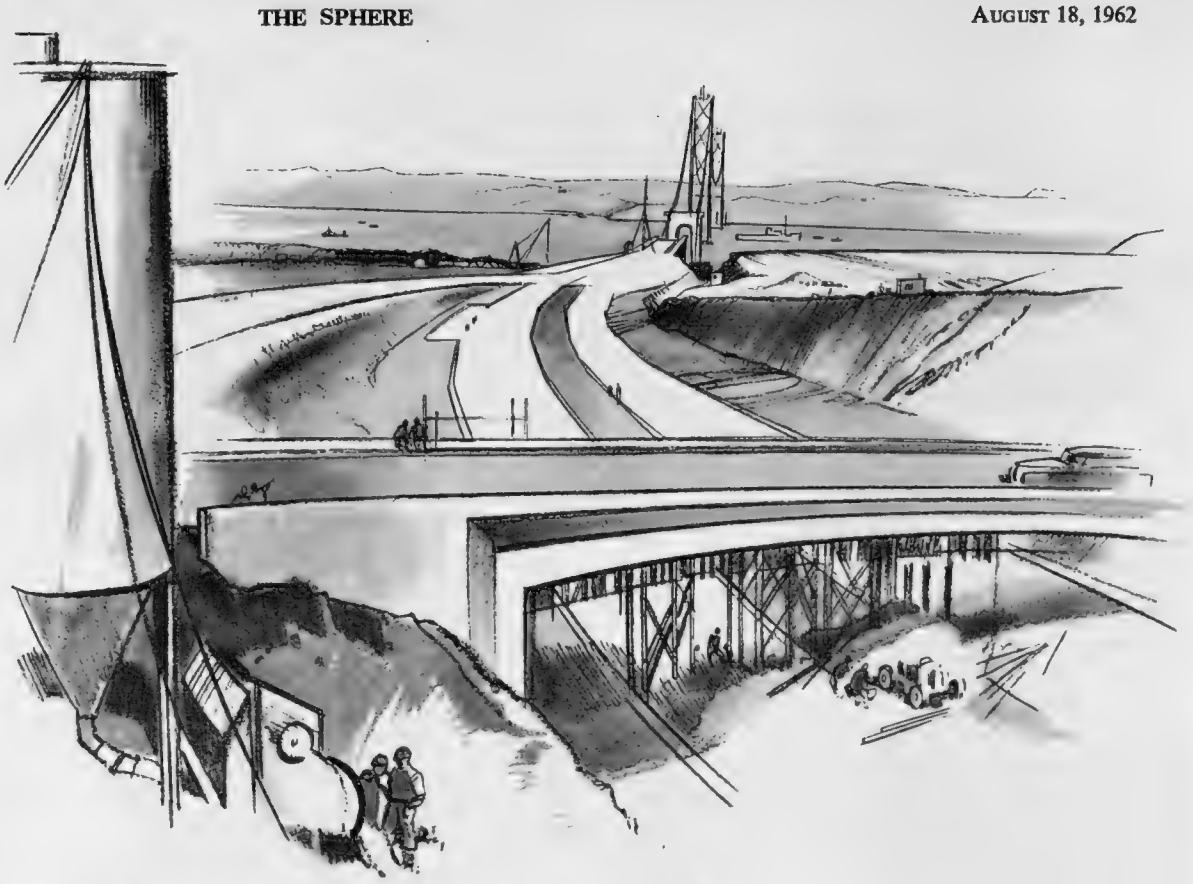
The railway bridge seen from the shale bing at Dalmeny in the early stages of the preliminary work on the road bridge

FORTH ROAD BRIDGE

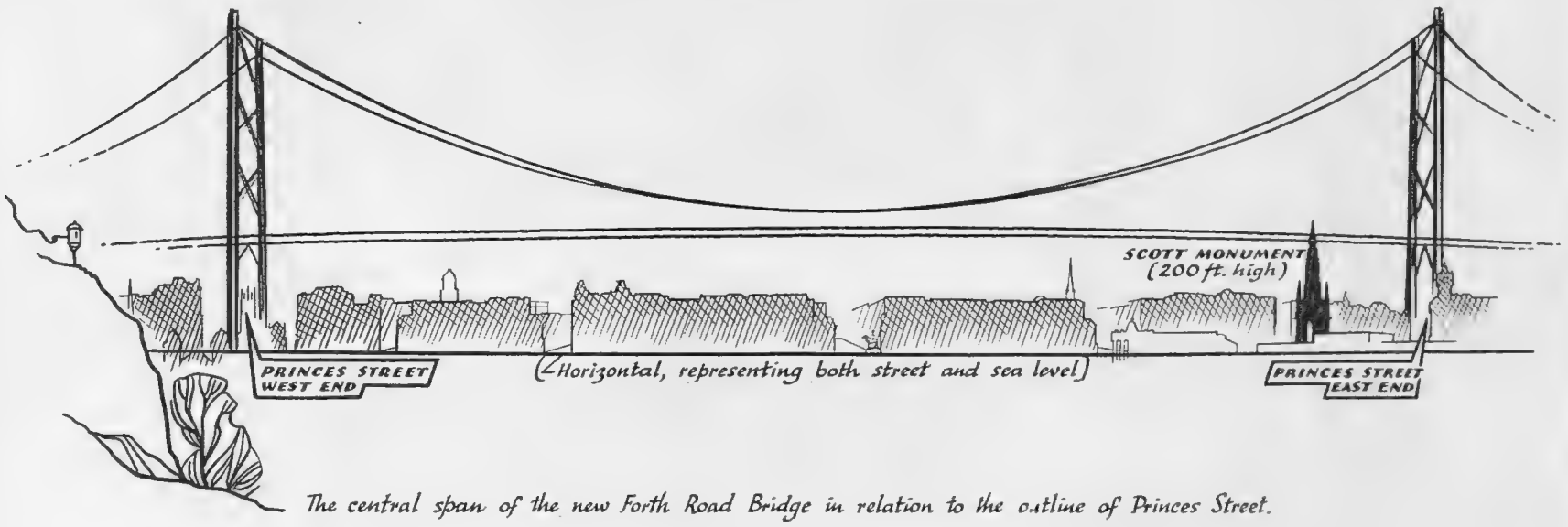
(*Continued from page 238*)

road gives impressive views of the progress of the constructions on land and in the Firth.

An approach to Queensferry for the walker is from the recently-restored village, Cramond, reached by bus, where a short, ferry crossing over the Almond takes one to the start of a four-mile walk along a woodland shore through the Dalmeny estates of Lord Rosebery. The river Almond marks the boundary between Midlothian and West Lothian. The church in Dalmeny village, with the signs of Zodiac carved above its door, is one of the few remaining examples of Norman architecture in Scotland. At South Queensferry is another notable church, the Friary Church of St. Mary of Mount Carmel. Restored as an Episcopalian church in 1890, it contains parts dating from about 1500.

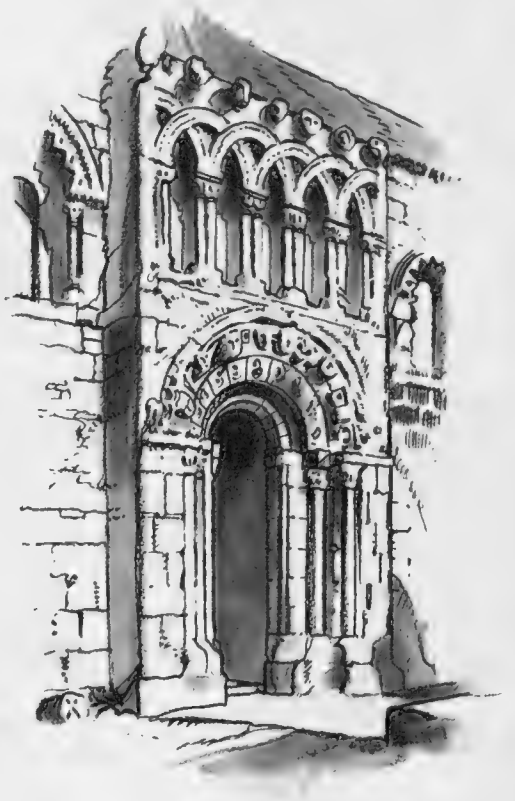


The dual carriageway to the bridge is crossed by a road already open to traffic



The central span of the new Forth Road Bridge in relation to the outline of Princes Street.

A ferry takes visitors from Cramond across the mouth of the river Almond to Dalmeny



The Norman doorway to the church at Dalmeny

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE GLEN OF WEEPING

With a mean annual rainfall of some 90 ins. you cannot, I suppose, expect to meet many really fine days in Glencoe. In Gaelic, Glencoe means " the glen of weeping," and I, at any rate, am tempted to believe that the name was born of the weather. Certainly, it is very much older than the massacre. Be that as it may, I cannot tell you what Glencoe looks like on a fine day because, though I must have been in the glen, or passed through it, at least a dozen times, and these widely separated over the years, I have yet to strike a fine day. Only once, if memory does not fail me, has there been much sunshine between showers: mostly it has been shrouded in mist or rain.

I think that the wettest walk I have ever had in the British Isles, or anywhere else for that matter, was through Glencoe at the end of April. The snow had not then gone from the high-tops and the river was roaring and crashing through the deep ravine below the Study. The rain came up the glen in great cold waves, with enough bite in it to sting the face and hands and to chill one's bones, and each wave was dense enough to blot out the scenery, to reduce visibility to a few yards. The wave would pass to be succeeded by a fine, cold, drenching drizzle and then you could see the crags black beyond the drizzle and the mountain sides seemed white with countless waterfalls. And then another wave, and the world would shut in again.

I remember that walk well for the welcome I received at Ballachulish. A stranger arriving on foot, drenched and dirty and without baggage, at an English hotel is more likely than not to get a pretty frigid reception. At least, that has been my experience; and more than once. At Balluchulish there was not so much as a lifted eyebrow. But there was a fire and hot whisky and the loan of clothes while my own were drying. There was a welcome, too, from an army of Persian cats. I hope that some of their descendants survive. There is nothing more homely than a cuddly cat.

The first time I walked to Glencoe (in the other direction; from Ballachulish to the Kingshouse Inn) the fog came down just as I entered the glen and I walked the whole length of the old road in a terrible lonely silence. I met nobody, passed no vehicle, heard nothing; not even a gull. I was eighteen at the time, and it was a frightening experience. The first time I drove through the glen, by myself in an old Overland, which cost me £10 and was mostly held together by odd bits of string, it was misty; and the old road (" the worst road in Scotland," H. V. Morton called it) was quite dangerous even for a good car in good weather.

First impressions stick. I think of Glencoe as one of the gloomiest, one of the grimmest, but at the same time one of the most impressive, glens in Western Scotland. Even on a fine day (and I may, though I am inclined to doubt it, have been consistently unlucky in the weather) the great hills which rise so abruptly from it must shield the floor of the glen from the summer sun. It is a dark place, a fitting place for one of the darkest deeds in all Scottish history, a history filled with savagery and treachery.

Not everyone sees it so. Dorothy Wordsworth, for example, was unimpressed: " We had been prepared for images of terror, had expected a deep den-like valley with overhanging rocks, such as William has described in his lines upon the Alps. The place had nothing of this character, the glen being open to the eye of day, the mountains retiring in independent majesty." " Open to the eye of day " is not a description most people would apply to Glencoe.

And certainly not Dickens: " Glencoe itself is perfectly *terrible*. The pass is an awful place. It is shut in on each side by enormous rocks from which great torrents come rushing down in all directions. In among these rocks on one side of the pass . . . there are scores of glens, high up, which form such haunts as you might imagine yourself wandering in, in the very height and madness of a fever. . . . The very recollection of them makes me shudder. . . ." Macaulay, who saw the glen both in sunshine (he was lucky !) and in rain, called it the " Valley of the Shadow," the " very Valley of Death." And he went on: " The progress of civilisation which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests or gay with apple-blossoms has only made Glencoe more desolate."

The progress of civilisation. In 1932 a new road was started through Glencoe, not because it was really needed, since the volume of traffic then could not possibly have justified the expense, but to relieve local unemployment. This aroused most bitter controversy. Men spoke of the " new massacre of Glencoe." Opponents of the road foretold swarms of trippers and the destruction of one of " Scotland's Shrines." Many others, if less headily patriotic, were convinced that it would ruin the scenery, especially at the head of the pass where a way had to be blasted through the rocks of the gorge. I saw the road in construction and once or twice shortly afterwards, when it was still a gash, and I must confess that I was of the same opinion. I thought that it would have been much better, as it would certainly have been very much cheaper, to resurface the old road. I thought that the character of the glen had been spoiled.

After a lapse of years, I have driven the new road (it is still called that) in both directions; and, of course, in rain. I no longer think so. Stone instead of concrete was used for the bridges and culverts (a concession that one would not get nowadays) and the whole thing has settled down, toned down, so well that you no longer realise that there was ever another road. So far from the road ruining the glen, the glen has swallowed the road.

Yet the new road, though it runs right through the glen, is in some sense apart from the glen: within it, but not of it as the old road was. The old road was so very hazardous that you had to go slow. Now, you are through the glen almost before you know it. The glen itself remains inviolate. I think it would be true to say, with Macaulay, that " the progress of civilisation has only made Glencoe more desolate."

The " new " road twists through Glencoe, past the bleak, desolate granite crags

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

International Cadet Week, which starts on Monday next at Burnham-on-Crouch can now, without exaggeration, be regarded as the "Cowes Week" of the juniors of sailing. This is the thirteenth year of this annual regatta, and this period has produced the most remarkable growth of the only sailing dinghy especially designed for the young—a dinghy which has true international status as well as significance.

Designed by Jack Holt for the Editor of *Yachting World* with the special requirements of youth and ease of construction in mind, the Cadet has fulfilled its purpose, and having been granted official International recognition in 1958, can now be found in nearly all the sailing waters of the world. Its great merits are that while its rig is kept as simple as possible, the Cadet is sailed by a helmsman and one crew in exactly the same way as the more advanced designs. Safety is assured by the built-in buoyancy of the hull and by the strictly enforced class rule demanding the wearing of lifejackets of a special kind.

Sail numbers, which had reached 3,530 by the end of last year, maintain their increase, and stand now at 3,880. The Class is administered by its own association, with headquarters in London, where the fountain-head is Group Captain E. F. Haylock. The Cadet, and what might now be regarded as a whole youth movement, are his brainchildren. Naturally, the greatest numbers are sailed in Great Britain, but of the 107 squadrons now in existence, 38 are in foreign countries. Frontiers, even iron curtain ones, do not present any serious obstacles to the spreading of this class. The largest numbers abroad in any one country are in Poland where there are 25 squadrons functioning.

Squadrons can be formed by owners in any one club which has at least three Cadets; the maximum number is twenty. The age limit in the class is eighteen, but each squadron must have an adult Captain and a measurer.

Because of the age limit, winners of the championship very seldom can come back to defend their titles, as they have grown out of the class. This happened to Peter Bateman, who won the overall points trophy of the Week, the *Yachting World* Cadet Trophy last year. In addition, however, there are other trophies awarded to the winners of three days' racing on points, and last year's winner of one of these, the Royal Corinthian Y.C. Trophy, Georges Wackens of Belgium, is returning again next week and is expected to be in the running for prizes.

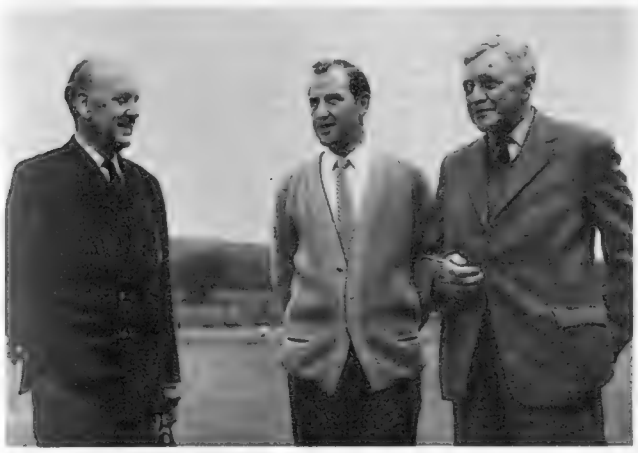
Entries for the Week are limited to 120, and places are allocated on the basis of certain priorities. Clubs are allowed to send the number of boats corresponding to results achieved in the previous "Week." Thus the first forty boys and the first twenty girls of last year guarantee the first sixty places admitted this year. The rest are admitted on a strict rationing system of headquarters which allocate places to the squadrons according to strength. To make starts more manageable on the Crouch River, the fleet is divided into four groups of thirty boats each, and two of these groups are started together. The combination of the groups is varied all the time, so that the maximum competition can result. There are to be races in the mornings and afternoons from Monday to Thursday, and only one race on Friday, followed in the afternoon by the presentation of prizes.

This year's overseas entry includes the Gleeson twins, all the way from Adelaide, who are champions of the class for South Australia, and entries from Belgium, Poland, and France.

Cadets on a slipway during a previous International Cadet Week at Burnham-on-Crouch

Bloodhound (right), the ocean racing yawl owned jointly by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, forges ahead with the leaders in the Royal Southampton Yacht Club's Queen's Cup, which opened last week's Cowes Regatta

A view of the 7th green and fairway at Notts Golf Club, Hollinwell, near Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire



Mr. S. Cartwright (captain), David Talbot, the club professional, and Mr. H. Redmayne (secretary)

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

NOTTS

This club is situated near Kirkby-in-Ashfield, about 14 miles to the north of Nottingham, and is easily accessible by road and rail. Like several other famous old golf clubs, it was the brainchild of a parson, the Rev. Mr. Baynes, who in 1887 invited all those in Nottingham interested in forming a club to meet at his house. Only five appeared, but they decided to press on. After using an unsatisfactory site in Nottingham they moved to Bulwell Forest, where the club flourished. Just before the end of the century Mr. Hemingway, a life member, found what he considered an ideal site while surveying for a tunnel for the Great Central Railway. In spite of some opposition, he arranged for the club to be transferred to what is now its present site, and Willie Park, Junr., was engaged to lay out eighteen holes in a wide valley bounded on the north by a ridge. The name Hollinwell derives from a nearby spring where the first members were wont to refresh themselves. The length of the course is 6,931 yards, and the S.S.S. is 74. Many major tournaments have been played on the course.

Mr. G. Battersby and Mr. V. N. Bale (driving)

The clubhouse with the 18th green in the foreground

Mr. Rigley and Dr. O'Shea. **Left centre:** Mr. Walton and Dr. Angus. **Right centre:** Mr. McKenzie and Alan Bussell, Notts Open Champion. **Right:** Mr. Rope and Dr. McDowall

TRAVEL

NOT TOO LATE TO FIND THE SUN

By **GORDON COOPER**

The present summer in Britain has been so wretched generally that I feel sure most readers who have delayed taking their holidays until the autumn will make their chief objective a place with warm sunshine. With this, I would link a good bathing beach and a pleasant hotel as essential features.

Madeira is a good place to begin, where in September the daytime temperature is often in the 80s, and at night ten degrees less. The Bergen Line offer tours there by the *Venus*, the round voyage with a day on the island costing from £59, while you can arrange to stay on the island until the following sailing; the rate, inclusive of hotel for eight days, is from 73 gns. There are sailings on September 15 and October 2. For those who like the best I can recommend Reid's Hotel. (The Bergen Line also offer special late season tours (7-day) to Bergen and Stavanger in connection with the Gateway to Britain Week Programme. The prices, inclusive of excursions, are modest —from £22 5s. Apply to your travel agent for all Bergen Line holidays.)

The Canaries, the " Isles of Eternal Spring," are another suggestion. In addition to scheduled flights by British United Airways, Wings offer a fortnight's holiday on Teneriffe at an inclusive charge ranging from 70 guineas. This same firm also organise another sunshine fortnight's tour to Southern Spain; there are two itineraries, both with stops in Madrid, Cordoba, Granada and Malaga, with Seville included in one trip. The inclusive cost is 52 guineas (out by air, returning by rail), 60 guineas (by air both ways).

I recommend, too, a 15-day or 22-day holiday offered by Horizon Holidays at Taormina, one of the loveliest places in the world. Good bathing is available, and various fascinating excursions are possible to Syracuse, Mount Etna, Agrigento and the Aeolian Islands. Just to laze in this small town, with its superb panoramic views, is a joy you will surely never forget. Prices, including travel there and back by Viscount, are from 63 guineas.

Another autumnal sunshine holiday offered by this travel agent is to Corfu. There you can find perfect days and perfect ways of filling them. Cricket fans, too, will find their game played in the capital. Travel costs, with flights between London and Brindisi, thence by ship, are from 83 guineas.

The town and harbour of Malaga in Spain. Prominent

My last travel agent's list to be mentioned here is the Erna Low Travel Service. Among their many offerings I select a holiday at Puerto Pollensa (Majorca), which has a fine bathing beach, opportunities for water-ski-ing, interesting excursions and a really pleasant hotel. By air, a fortnight's stay costs from £51, and by rail/air from £43. Erna Low also has a very good centre on the Costa Brava, at Llafranch, one of the last unspoilt places on this glorious coast; the bathing is ideal, and you are well away from the overcrowded popular resorts, yet entertaining excursions are within easy reach.

Portuguese Algarve is rapidly increasing in tourist popularity, but in the autumn it should be uncrowded. Praia da Rocha is the main centre, but there are new hotels in other of the coastal towns, such as Lagos, Sagres and Monte Gordo. Erna Low has mid-week night air flights to Lisbon, thence by rail, and hotel accommodation for 13 nights at good hotels in Praia da Rocha, Lagos and Monte Gordo. I must warn you, however, that there are practically no organised entertainments, but the warm sea-bathing and the Moorish character of the towns are a compensation.

For the free-lance holiday-maker who is prepared to pay for the best in hotel accommodation, I offer the following suggestions:

Talloires, Lake of Annecy. This is perhaps the gastronomic centre of France, for in this small, pleasant resort the *Michelin Guide* awards one three-star (Auberge du Père Bise), and three one-stars. I can recommend the first-class Hotel de l'Abbaye, housed in an ancient Benedictine monastery, which offers everything, including an outstanding cuisine, for carefree enjoyment. It overlooks the lake, and within easy reach is an 18-hole golf course.

Lacco Ameno on the island of Ischia in the Gulf of Naples

reground is the bull-ring

A street in the old town of Lagos in the Portuguese Algarve

Elsewhere on this loveliest of French lakes, I can advocate the Hotel Les Libellules at Duingt (opposite Talloires and easily reached from Annecy), and, of course, the Imperial Palace at Annecy, with its four-acre park bordering the lake and offering all the requirements for a tranquil holiday.

Elsewhere in Savoy I suggest La Verniaz, just outside Evian-les-Bains, while not far from Le Bourget, lying beside its lake, is the Ombremont, where I recently enjoyed a superb lunch. And I can never think of France without dreaming of my favourite Hotel Ripotot in Champagnole (Jura), where I certainly hope one day to spend a prolonged visit. All the hotels mentioned have a Michelin star.

In Spain, I believe that the Hotel Reina Cristina will appeal, although my own personal selection in Andalusia would be the rather simpler Hotel Atlantico in Cadiz, a fascinating town in which to dawdle. But my first Spanish choice must be the Hostal de la Gavina at S'Agaro (Costa Brava), which is one of Europe's outstanding hotels, with an idyllic situation on the coast.

Across the frontier, in Portugal, there is a luxury hotel (" Guincho ") at Guincho, which stands on a small headland, with the sea pounding around on two sides. Pension rates are from £3 a day. Another delightful Portuguese hotel, in the luxury category, is the Hotel Palacio dos Seteais, near Sintra.

In Switzerland, last September, I was very satisfied with the Kulm in St. Moritz, whose exterior has been described as " charmless as a military barracks in pre-war Bulgaria," but whose interior is so palatial that it made me feel like a sultan. Another recommendation for a Swiss autumn holiday, but in a more modest hotel, is the Casa Tamaro, in Ascona (Ticino), a delightful resort on Lake Maggiore, and the hotel has a very artistic ambience.

For Italy, my thoughts turn first to the Bay of Naples, where the Jolly Hotel at Ischia should satisfy most needs, while the Regina Isabella in Lacco Ameno (Ischia) is as luxurious an hotel as any in Italy. For slightly simpler tastes, there is another favourite, Le Axidie at Vico Equense (near Sorrento).

And where will I myself be going in September? To Devon; so I only hope the weather there will be fine.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Erna Low Travel Service, 47, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.
Horizon Holidays, 17, Hanover Street, W.1.
Wings Ltd., 48, Park Road, N.W.1.
Bergen Line, 21-24, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

SUMMER GOLF IN WINTER

Last January a new golfing society was founded, the C.O.G.S. (Cunard Overseas Golfing Society), the inaugural meetings of which were held in Bermuda and the Bahamas. The visit was arranged by Cunard and Cooks, and was such a success that three meetings have been arranged for next year, the first party travelling out on the *Caronia* to Kingston, Jamaica, from Liverpool on January 4, and staying at the Arawak Hotel at Ocho Rios, where a fortnight's golf will be available at the new Cardiff Hall Golf Course and the Upton Country Club. A transfer will then be made by B.O.A.C.-Cunard jet to Nassau, Bahamas, where accommodation will be provided at the Balmoral Club. Golf matches will be arranged at the Bahamas Country Club and there will be a competition for the Bahamas Golf Trophy.

On February 7 members will fly to Bermuda where they will stay at the Elbow Beach Hotel. Two competitions will be held for the Cunard Challenge Cup and the Bermuda Trophy, to be played most probably at Riddell's Bay Golf Club or at Lyford Cay Golf Club. The inclusive charge for this six-and-a-half-week golfing holiday will be £575, another £50 being charged for first-class air travel. Should you not be able to spare the time, you can forego the luxury of travelling on the *Caronia* outwards, and travel by air, economy class £405, first class £495.

A second party will leave for a twenty-four-day golfing holiday by air on January 28 for Nassau, where golf matches are to be arranged at the Bahamas Country Club. On February 7 members will fly to Bermuda for further competitions and a chance of winning either the Cunard Challenge Cup or the Bermuda Trophy, returning to London by B.O.A.C.-Cunard jet on the evening of February 19. Inclusive charges per head are economy class £345, and first class £430.

Finally, a third party will fly out to Bermuda where they will have fourteen days' wonderful golf, staying at the Elbow Beach Hotel, joining up with members of the other two parties so that all can play in the competitions for the trophies which have been put up. This is a much cheaper arrangement, inclusive charges per head being economy class £230, first class £325. All these prices are based on two-bedded rooms with private bath and toilet. Single rooms with bath are extra.

It has always been a little difficult for travel agents to persuade people to go on golfing holidays. Usually in this country there is little to offer your wife if she isn't a golfer. However, in Bermuda and the West Indies there is so much to do beside playing golf that most wives will go out of their way to persuade their husbands to take such a delightful mid-winter trip.

W. D. C. C.

BOOKS

VARIETIES OF ADVENTURE

A light-hearted expedition to the Sahara; war in South Russia; other non-fiction and this week's novels

The dedication of THE GREAT SAHARAN MOUSE-HUNT (Hutchinson. 21s.) is almost up to Wodehousean levels; "To our husbands," write Mrs. Miggs Pomeroy and Mrs. Catherine Collins, "without whose unfailing impatience and churlish behaviour this book would never have been written." And that, as I can say after having enjoyed its good-tempered narrative and its light-hearted account of a dotty kind of expedition, would have been a pity. The party, which included two American couples (the author-wives and their husbands), an American scientist, six English soldiers and their Scots officer, Mr. Randolph Churchill and his young son, Winston, set out from Benghazi for the remote Tibesti mountains. The objectives of the trip were many and ranged from the catching and tabulating of desert mice to the dim, romantic hope that Sinbad's valley of diamonds might be sighted. Mr. Churchill, "a gifted man who should have been spanked more frequently in childhood," enlivens the proceedings, Dr. Setzer contributes greatly to the group's knowledge, both academic and practical, and the two ladies gather material for a travel book that has great charm, humour and freshness.

LAST TRAIN OVER ROSTOV BRIDGE (Cassell. 21s.) is a story of adventure, of fighting against hopeless odds, of panache, glory, misery and extraordinary courage. It is also true. Captain Marion Aten, D.F.C., is an American who fought with the R.A.F. in the first world war and survived it to fight again for Denikin and the White Russians, with some of his brother officers. This is his account, written in collaboration with Mr. Arthur Orrmont, of the fighting in the air and on land in South Russia in a doomed campaign, and it makes fascinating, even thrilling reading.

Mr. Gerald Brenan's autobiography, A LIFE OF ONE'S OWN (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.)—and what an admirable title that is—covers the period of his childhood and his youth up to the age of twenty-five when, after the first world war, he sailed for Spain. The five "happy and industrious" years he spent there were responsible for his earlier book, *South from Granada*, a marvel among travel books, and he will return to this time in a further volume of autobiography. In the present book Mr. Brenan has set down his recollections of a childhood that was outwardly secure and inwardly a succession of short periods of happiness and longer ones of boredom or active unhappiness; his schooldays at Radley, where his disinterest in games meant, automatically, his unpopularity, and the awakening and deepening of his interest in the world of letters and poetry. It is a long time since I have been so charmed by an autobiography, or so moved by the profound sincerity of a writer's search for his own truth.

THE POET AND THE LANDSCAPE (Hart-Davis. 18s.) is a book which follows a harmonious plan since it consists of some thirty chapters or so devoted to the study of pastoral poets in their natural surroundings, by one who is himself a pastoral poet of our own days, Canon Andrew Young. Here he has written briefly, but engagingly, about Hardy and Clare, about Wordsworth, Tennyson and Waller, about *Poly-Olbion* the gazetteer of Britain, and about Shakespeare's flowers, in a book which recalls Boswell's words on Addison: "He wrote with the ease of a gentleman; his readers feel that a wise and accomplished companion is talking to them."

Mr. Vincent Brome who has had some success as a popular biographer, notably of such diverse characters as H. G. Wells and Frank Harris, now turns his attention to social history in WE HAVE COME A LONG WAY (Cassell. 25s.). With the lusty gusto perfected by the late Arthur Mee, he reconstructs the life of the ordinary man, ranging from the Neanderthal to the inhabitants of the glass and chrome chasms of the New York of today. All this with a special emphasis on the state of what are now termed the underprivileged. Fifth-century Athens; Imperial Rome;

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, the most successful of American playwrights, relaxes in his penthouse suite in a London hotel on a brief visit to Britain. During his recent stay he saw the London production of his comedy, *Period of Adjustment*, at Wyndham's

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As the swelling tide of civilisation erodes the few remaining pockets of unexplored territory in the world, so the attitude of Western explorers, hunters and naturalists has gradually changed. Conservation of vanishing species of animals and birds has become extremely important, and the hunter goes on safari with camera more often than gun. Barbara Harrisson, wife of Tom Harrisson, the writer and director of the Sarawak Museum, writes with great charm about her experiences in bringing up baby orang-utans in their home in Sarawak. ORANG-UTAN (Collins. 25s.) contains much fascinating information about these apes, whose natural habitat is the forest, and their desperate plight after indiscriminate trapping and killing threatened the species with extinction. Today orangs are confined to small sectors of Sumatra and Borneo, but are, I am happy to record, again increasing in numbers. Mrs. Harrisson gives a moving description of the trials of a naturalist trying to give baby orangs a habitat closely similar to their natural environment and of her doubts about sending them to zoos. Like many naturalists, Mrs. Harrisson is anti-zoo. By the way, Orang-Utan is Malay for "Man-Jungle"; the misusage Utang derives from the Malay for debtor and is incorrect.

Another naturalist concerned with jungle life is Peter Matthiessen, who in THE CLOUD FOREST (André Deutsch. 30s.) writes of a voyage from New York, up the Amazon to the unexplored regions of Peru, to places with evocative names like the Mato Grosso, the rain forest

TWO NATURALISTS

Orang-Utans in Sarawak; exploring in South America

and the Andean Sierra. The object of Mr. Matthiessen's hunt was the discovery of a great fossile reptile from pre-history. Written in the form of a diary, the book contains descriptions of people, places and wild life which are full of well-turned phrases and sharp-eyed wit.

The next two books this week do not fall into any category. The first is the new and enlarged edition of Norman Marshall's history of the work and influence of producers in the modern European theatre. THE PRODUCER AND THE PLAY (Macdonald. 35s.) has already become an indispensable reference book, and for this reason a new edition, containing among other matters a lengthy postscript on recent productions, is very welcome. Written with a balance and understanding rare in the partisan world of the theatre, the book is especially valuable in clearing up misconceptions about Stanislavsky and the Method, Brecht's theories of alienation, and Gordon Craig's impossibly idealistic vision.

THE SPIRITUALISTS (Duckworth. 21s.), by Trevor H. Hall, is a devastating and painstaking exposé of Florence Cook, a young woman who became one of the most famous materialising mediums of the Victorian era. Her activities and those of her supposed attendant spirit, Katie King, were investigated and declared genuine by William Crookes, an eminent chemist who later became President of the Royal Society. Ever since, his support for Florence Cook has been a mainstay for spiritualists arguing their beliefs. For my part, I am convinced that Florence Cook was a fraud and that the eminent chemist had become infatuated with her. The book is engrossing as a detective story and has that same strange hold over the imagination as so much of the shadowy, gas-lit world of the underside of Victorian life.

The last three volumes are large, colourful books of information for children. FAMOUS PAINTINGS—AN INTRODUCTION TO ART FOR YOUNG PEOPLE (Macdonald. 30s.), is by A. Elizabeth Chase, of the School of Fine Arts at Yale University. It contains a judicious selection of fifty-four full colour plates, of artists ranging from Botticelli to Matisse, with an accompanying text and other illustrations.

Also educational and informative are two books from Golden Pleasure Books — THE HUMAN BODY (17s. 6d.), by Mitchell Wilson, and lavishly illustrated by Cornelius de Witt, and THE GOLDEN PLEASURE BOOK OF BIOLOGY (12s. 6d.), by Gerald Ames and Rose Wyler, illustrated by Charles Harper. All three books can be recommended.

Jolyon Wimhurst

mediæval England; Elizabethan England; pre-revolutionary France; all highly selective yet discursive. The plain facts are that Man, up to the comparatively recent Industrial Revolution, organised himself into a slave society most of whom were utterly wretched, although some were not. It all seems to depend upon what you were a slave to. The individual oppressor was himself more terrifying than the collective ones who, using the guise of ideology, enslave just as many millions. I cannot quite see at what kind of public this hotch-potch of popular social history is aimed.

Miss Lettice Cooper's new novel, THE DOUBLE HEART (Gollancz. 18s.), might equally well have been called "The Double Standard" for, although all the emotions which move its characters might loosely be grouped under the heading of love, they are quite as easily divisible into categories of lust, self-interest, loneliness, vanity, family feeling or egotism. A pretty girl leaves her loving husband and baby for a casual stranger who, in turn, abandons her for more comfortable circumstances. The husband depends on an affectionate former girl friend and then on a slut for consolation. His mother, looking after the baby, is as much tormented over the jealousy of a woman friend as over her son's unhappiness, and a handful of minor but relevant characters each have at least two problems of a sentimental nature with which they must cope. The story is not particularly convincing but very readable in its own disheartening way.

Two novels this week pose the problem of powerful establishments versus private lives. Mr. Rodney Quest's THE VENUS OF SAMOS (Hutchinson. 16s.) sets his story in a world of museums and antiquities and demonstrates the fact that archæologists may have their lives as troubled by ambition and scheming as by more dedicated idealism, and Miss Freda Bromhead's first novel, THE FLOWER ON THE PATH (Heinemann. 18s.), deals with a group of companies manufacturing products in a new material and with the impact of such a cabal-ridden organisation on the sympathies of a sensitive newcomer. Both novels are effective and as perceptive as they are disturbing.

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi is a tag none the less true for being familiar, as three new novels prove. ACT OF DESTRUCTION (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.), by Mr. Ronald Hardy, is a story about a game warden dedicated to his work (which, as he sees it, includes the elimination of poachers), and also about the threat to his beloved country from an irrigation project which will submerge his chosen valley. Forcefully written and dramatic. Mr. Desmond Meiring's THE MAN WITH NO SHADOW (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is his first novel and a thoughtful study of a highly-strung man who comes to Kenya to shoot lions in the odd belief that this activity will give him some release from his fantasies. Vivid writing and some really acute observation. A RUMOUR OF DRUMS (Cassell. 18s.) deals with a vanishing race, the Colonial Civil Service, and is set in the rugged plateau country of northern Nigeria which the author, Mr. Herbert Best, knows from many years of practical experience as an administrator. The writing style is unpretentious but the cumulative effect of first-hand knowledge and a direct manner is most telling.

Thriller of the week—intelligently fanciful, mannered but logical—is Michael Innes' A CONNOISSEUR'S CASE (Gollancz. 15s.), in which our old acquaintance Appleby, of Scotland Yard, now Sir John and quite a swell, literally walks into trouble while on holiday with his wife. He undertakes, in his suavely articulate way, to solve the mystery within a day or two, and does, to the satisfaction of the rest of the company and, of course, the reader.

Vernon Fane

Graham Weir, the idealistic schoolmaster (Laurence Olivier), is forced to beat Mitchell (Terence Stamp)

Shirley Taylor (Sarah Miles), the young girl in love with Graham Weir

TERM OF TRIAL

at the Warner from August 16

Based on a novel by James Barlow, *Term of Trial*, Warners' essay at a British New Wave picture, is the story of how an idealistic schoolmaster, teaching at a co-educational secondary modern in the North of England, is finally forced to compromise his jealously guarded integrity. The plot hinges on the growing infatuation for him of a young pupil, Shirley Taylor. Frustrated because he refuses her advances, she accuses him of assaulting her. As written and directed by Peter Glenville, the film evokes the grimy enclosed world of the school and its tough, unwilling students. It is notable for two arresting performances—by Sir Laurence Olivier and Sarah Miles.

Anna Weir (Simone Signoret) taxes her husband, Graham, with being a coward

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

W. E. D. Bell

Mr. Bell, chairman and managing director of the Express Dairy Group of Companies, has had a remarkable rise to his present position since he started out in life as a dairy hand and roundsman. He joined Express Dairy in 1932 as a servery hand at its Hampstead branch, having previously worked for two years at various dairies in Grimsby, Hull, Birmingham and the U.S. Born in Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire, in 1911, William Edwin Dawson Bell was educated at Pocklington School, Yorkshire. After joining Express Dairy, he was promoted first to manager, then area manager, and became general manager, retail distribution, in 1936. Mr. Bell joined the R.A.F. as an aircrew cadet in July 1941, and was commissioned in August 1942, after being trained as a pilot. He was awarded the D.F.C. after completing a tour of operations with 619 Squadron, 5 Group, Bomber Command in 1944, and went on to become an instructor at the Heavy Conversion Unit at Winthorpe, Notts, where he ended the war as senior flying instructor with the rank of Squadron Leader. On rejoining the Express Dairy Group, he was appointed a director, rising to his present position by 1960. Mr. Bell is a past President of the National Dairymen's Benevolent Institution, of which he is now hon. treasurer; a member of the Council of the U.K. Dairy Association; a Fellow of the Institute of Directors; and a member of the Institute of Materials Handling. Married, with one son, Mr. Bell lives in Eastbourne. His hobbies are motoring and golf. From 1933 to 1939, Mr. Bell played golf for Lincolnshire and now plays at the Royal Eastbourne

WHOSE PLANS FOR SHIPPING?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

One of the things that the British shipping industry needs today, it was argued in this column last week, is a cheap, modern, efficient, standardised dry cargo ship: and there are British shipbuilders thinking hard about designing such ships for it. A rather larger requirement, shipowners might answer, comprises the circumstances in which they could run any ships, new or old, profitably: without the profits, how can they buy any new ships at all? All over the world, there are governments seeking to contrive such circumstances of prosperity for their own shipping industries; and it looks as if Britain's, in its turn, is now on the verge of doing the same.

Mr. Ernest Marples, whose official responsibilities include sea lanes as well as motorways, has just appointed a committee to advise him on problems concerned with British shipping. This is not simply a committee from the industry, or from trade associations; it includes representatives of a number of large customers for shipping, and certain independent members. Mr. Marples did not wholly indicate, in announcing its appointment, just how he wanted it to help him; he was anxious to emphasise that it wouldn't obviate or replace his normal contacts with shipowners as a whole. But he is known to have somewhat ambitious ideas about how the Government can help this industry; and the industry is in a more receptive mood than for many years.

The receptiveness is not surprising. Commercially, the business is in a parlous state. Big shipping companies have been reporting drastic falls in profits or actual losses; much of the dry cargo chartering being done today is at rates that offer no operating profits and may not wholly cover depreciation on the ship that is employed; there has been little relief in most of the main trades for two or three years, and few owners are confident enough to predict any early recovery.

In such circumstances, those shipping industries that are accustomed to the fairly free international trade, such as the British, Scandinavian, and Greek, have suffered most. Other industries, such as the American mercantile marine, are basically national shipping rather than international, and rely on certain forms of protection or preference for their very existence. The very high wages of American shipping labour, for example, shut its employers out of most ordinarily competitive shipping business: an American owner has the alternative of registering his vessels in some country offering a "flag of convenience," to avoid tax and employ labour that is less expensive, or to stay in trades where the carriage of American cargoes is partly or wholly restricted by law to American-flag vessels. Even where these rules exist, American shipping is not a particularly prosperous business today; some of its passenger lines, in particular, moving the richest and most free-spending population in the world, of whom more can afford cruises than the people in any other country, still need operating subsidies.

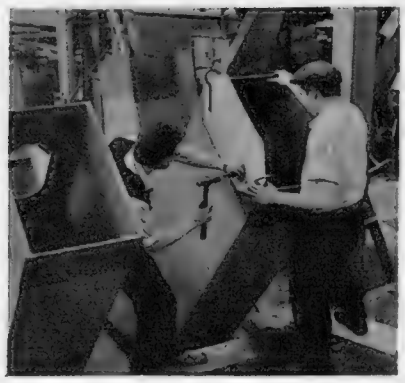
These forms of protection for national shipping are not new, so they haven't caused the depression of the international trades; but in circumstances of depression, they do tend to insulate quite a sizeable share of a shrinking total trade from general competition. Another form of insulation from general competition is the steady growth, over time, of the trade carried in specialised ships. More than half of world trade by sea today moves in tankers carrying oil. Only about a third to 40 per cent. of the total tonnage is owned by oil companies, but these "non-shipping" owners have probably as much again chartered to them on long-term operations. This has been the big growth element in world seaborne trade; and it is largely separate from the ordinary shipping business. Embarrassingly, however, it does not always stay separate. In recent years a large part of the world's grain trade has been carried in surplus tankers, small and obsolete by tanker standards but large and efficient in comparison with the dry cargo vessels generally employed in this trade.

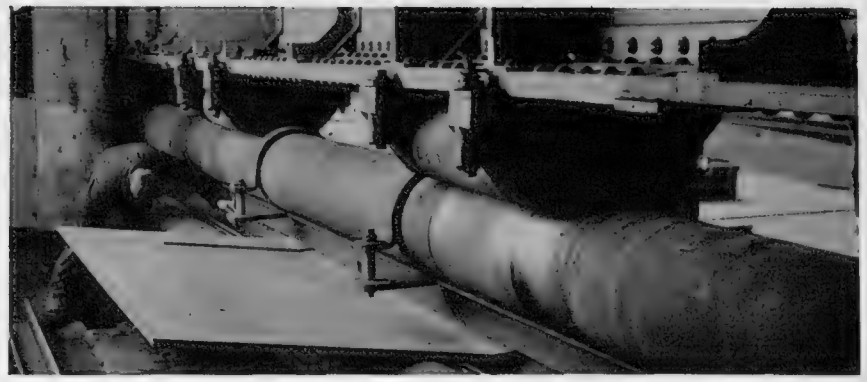
Such a tip-over of relatively efficient tanker tonnage into the main staple trades of dry cargo shipping—plus a steady growth in the sheer volume of demand for oil on which dry cargo ships cannot count—has meant rather different fortunes for the two kinds of shipping. Charter rates in the tanker market are nowadays up to 50 per cent. higher than at the nadir in, say, 1959; tanker owners are not prospering hugely, but with steadily bigger and more efficient vessels they are better placed than the companies operating simply dry cargo ships, for which freight rates stay depressingly level and low as ever. There has been some continued growth in world trade over these years, and though tonnage is well in surplus, new dry cargo tonnage has not been coming off the slipways in the volume that new tankers have. On the other hand, much of the growth in merchandise trade has been in business across land frontiers, for example, in the European Common Market; and it may be that for some years the pattern of world trade will go on favouring other forms of transport.

How do governments help cure this? Negative ways—imitating the protection that other governments give national shipping lines—are not difficult to think of, though any shipping nation that is deeply involved in international trade like the British could lose more of other countries' trade in this way than it might engross of British. More favourable financial terms? Shipping today enjoys some minor privileges in taxation, recognising its particular problems of replacement; but other devices might be possible, to put it on terms more comparable with the fleets of other countries. Stronger Government support in representations against restrictive shipping regulations elsewhere would help, and this Mr. Marples has already begun to offer; for example, in negotiations with the United States.

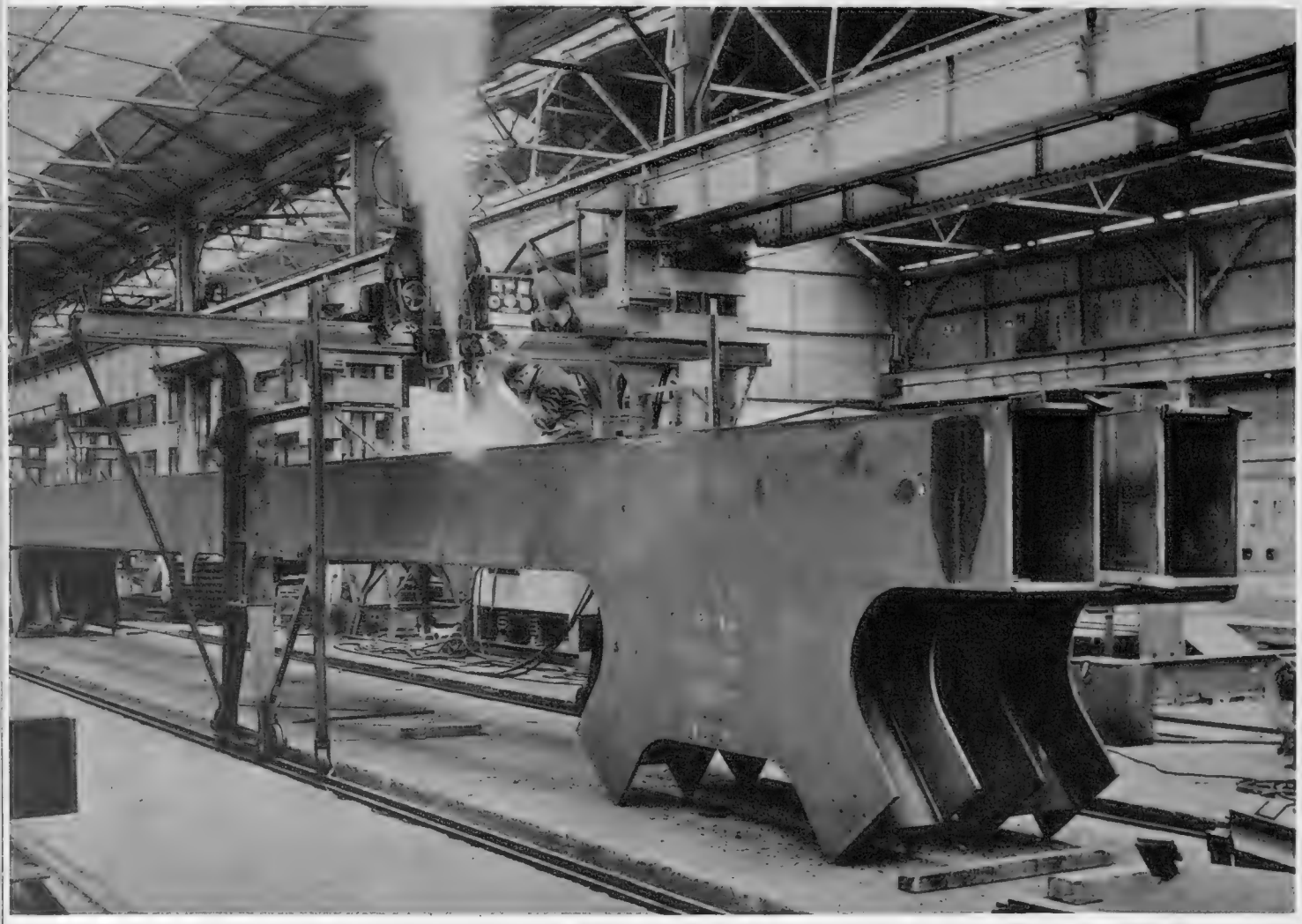
Of the Ministry's desire to promote the prosperity of British shipping there can be no doubt; and its latest move to seek advice from the industry and others concerned with it may help to rough out practical ways of expressing that goodwill. On the other hand, there remain sceptics inside this industry who are still reluctant, even after these lean years, to get more beholden to government assistance or influence; shipping is an international business, traditionally dealing with many governments rather than relying on one. There are equally some sceptics inside Whitehall who note that this Ministry of Transport move has occurred only when new organs outside the industry might be offering advice to all British industries and sundry. The National Economic Development Council, whose purview of planning runs right across British industry, is unlikely to refrain from any advice it wants to offer any industry simply because this comes under a particular ministry. But there has been quite an efflorescence of "positive co-operation" with the industries for which such departmental ministries are responsible—ever since Neddy's body of general planners from outside set to work.

Reconstruction in progress of Chepstow Bridge, spanning the River Wye near Chepstow, in Monmouthshire. The bridge was built by Isambard Kingdom Brunel over 100 years ago. Further pictures on following pages





Constructing sections of the new bridge in the works of Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering. **Left:** Marking off ready for drilling, and **right:** Gusset plates for the top chord of the bridge are given a cold set



A top chord, built in an inverted po

Machine welding one of the bottom chord units. **Right:** Fitted pins in the end flanges ensure correct alignment of top chord units when assembled

REBUILDING CHEPSTOW BRIDGE

By **JOHN STEEL**

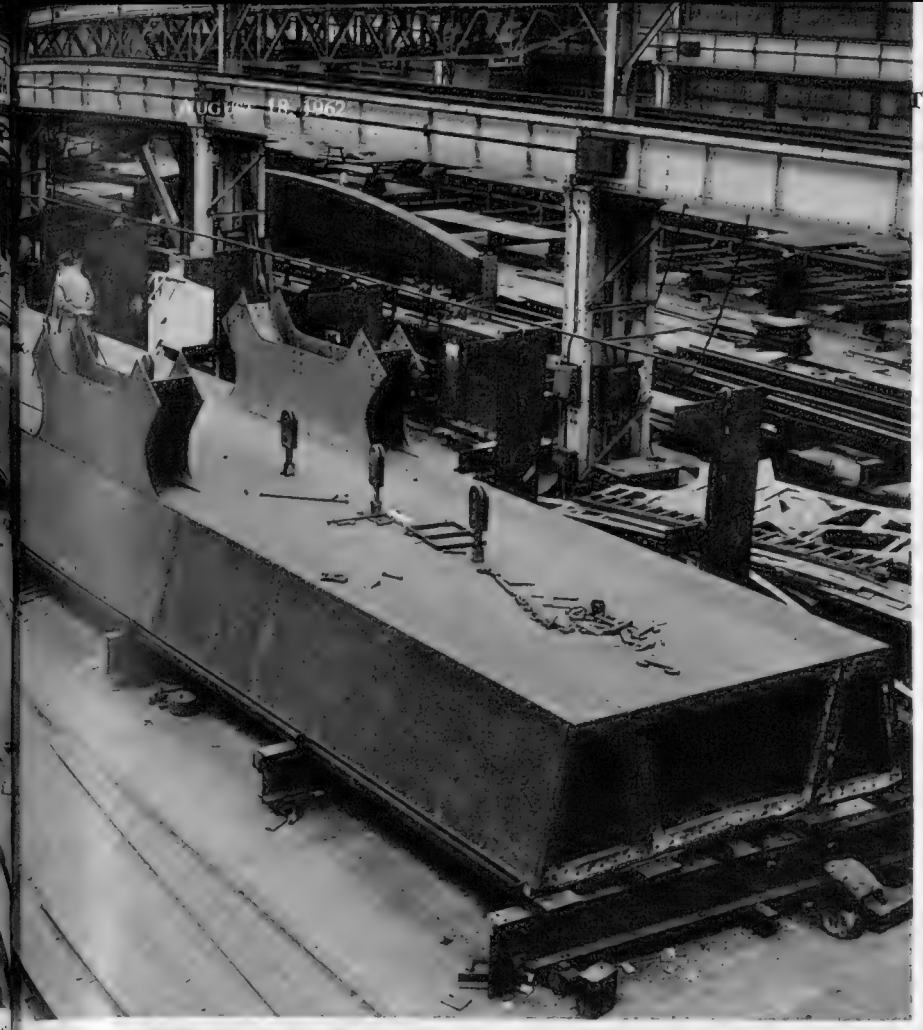
The majority of passengers who travel regularly on the Western Region main lines to Penzance and Bristol are familiar with most of the great engineering triumphs of Isambard Kingdom Brunel. Not so many, however, know one of his equally outstanding achievements, the Chepstow Bridge, which crosses the River Wye near the border town of Chepstow, in Monmouthshire. When Brunel set out to build the South Wales main line of the old Great Western Railway he knew that he was confronted with the biggest bridge-building problem he had yet encountered, on account of the varying levels on the Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire sides of the river. From the inception of the route he decided that there should be double tracks but that each span should be completely independent of the other and be, of course, a suspension bridge. At the point where Brunel planned to bridge the Wye the crossing is some 600 ft. wide.

For the actual crossing of the river he slung the plate girders from inverted queen post trusses, the horizontal strut members of which were 9 ft. diameter riveted wrought-iron tubes resting on twin portals 50 ft. above the tracks, and resisting the inwards drag of the suspension chains.

The nature of the construction of Brunel's suspension truss spans made them very flexible, and for many years the speed of trains has had to be restricted to 15 m.p.h. Over a period of more than a hundred years corrosion developed in the cross girders and track girders, and ultimately the decision was taken that they must be replaced with modern steel trusses. The contract for the work has been let to the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Ltd., at Chepstow, the successors to Edward Finch and Company who originally built Brunel's bridge. The Western Region have stipulated that the new spans must be completed before the introduction of the winter time-tables in October 1962. Although the new spans will again be independent of one another they will ultimately be braced together to increase lateral stability.

Each is a deck-type span consisting of a single steel-plated box section deck forming a top chord common to two Warren system trusses with vertical web members. In size they are only 12 ft. wide and designed to be launched longitudinally between the cylinders of the piers. They are put together on a launching way on the ground below the " land " spans of the bridge and launched out over the river suspended from carriages operating on special runways temporarily bolted to the undersides of the track girders of the existing truss spans. This arrangement enables the whole work to proceed right up to the launching stage without interfering in any way with rail traffic. During the launching and later during the raising of the new spans up in between the track girders prior to landing on the cliff, and during the subsequent removal of the old trusses, single-line working will operate.

The first span to be renewed was the up-line, and during this operation rail traffic is passing until September 8 over the old down-line span. From September 9 all trains will use the new up-line span with this second period of single line working continuing until October 28, when the whole bridge will have been completed.



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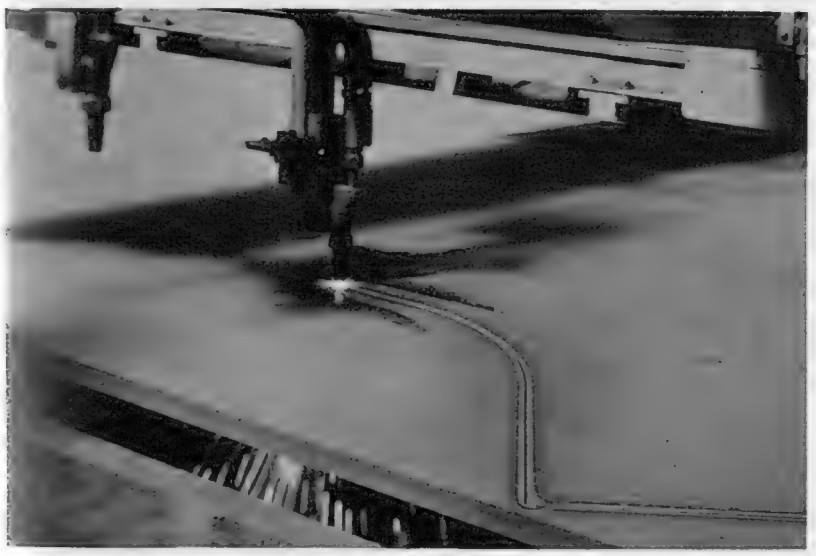
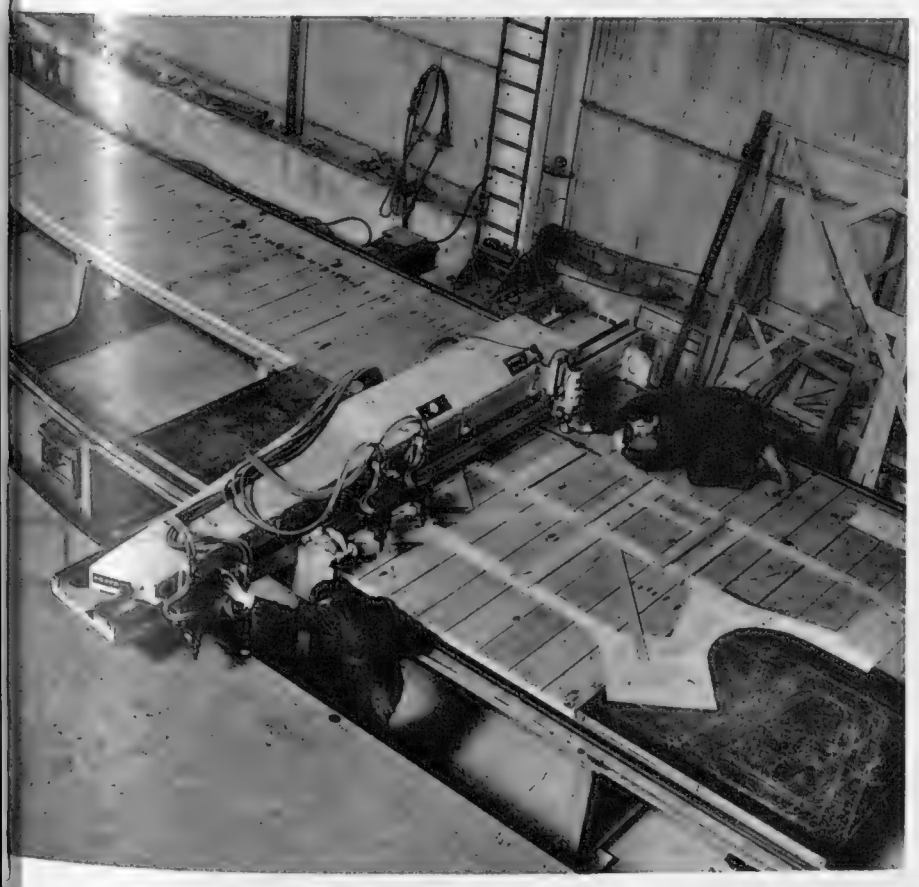


Cutting out a gusset plate by means of a profile burner



Checking the shape of a gusset plate to minimise deformation stresses

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

GROCERS' GROWTH

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

In current depressed conditions in the City, it is something of an event for a major firm to report record profits, a larger dividend and a free share issue. The company is Fitch Lovell, the £14,000,000 food and grocery group, headed by Sir Ambrose Keevil, whose shares have been popular for some time because of their growth possibilities.

Fitch Lovell's latest results suggest that despite recession in many sections of heavy industry and in durable goods, people in Britain are still spending money on food and groceries. Fitch Lovell, admittedly, owe some of their recent growth to a series of take-overs. These have included Green's Stores, the W. D. Evans group and a number of smaller companies ranging from cheese importers to a string of butchers' shops. But the basic reason for Fitch Lovell's expansion clearly lies in growth of the food industry itself. What appears to have brought higher profits to the industry is consumers' willingness to spend more on better quality foods in modern, often self-service, retail shops. For shareholders in Fitch Lovell, the benefits have been clear enough: in three years their dividend has been raised from 15 per cent. to 16½ per cent., apart from a 1 per cent. tax-free bonus.

The lessons for investors is that food and groceries could prove the answer to current financial uncertainties. This industry is unlikely to suffer hard during a recession—after all, people must go on buying food—and seems to have impressive growth potential when consumer incomes are rising.

Even larger than Fitch Lovell, commanding assets of nearly £20,000,000, the Cerebos group has shown a steady profit record over recent years. Apart from its well-known salt business, Cerebos has moved into a wide range of foods—the entire Brand's range, along with a spread of meat preparations. Cerebos also operates a domestic pet-food division and a sector that supplies animal and poultry feed. Trading profits have shown sizeable increases in each of the last four years, rising to a new record of just over £3,500,000 in 1961. Dividends, too, have been raised and the City expects that Mr. L. H. McRobert and his co-directors will still pay 17½ per cent., even after the recent one-for-ten scrip issue.

After Cerebos, probably the best-known name on the investor's lunch and dinner table is H.P. Sauce, which also includes Lea and Perrins and an important interest in canned goods. Though a good deal smaller than Cerebos, H.P. are an £8,000,000 concern with an especially large interest in exports, notably to the United States. Like Cerebos, profits of H.P. Sauce have risen steadily over recent years, with 1961 trading income just short of £2,000,000. Mr. J. T. Lewis and his co-directors have maintained shareholders' nominal dividend rate, though the number of shares outstanding was increased by a 50 per cent. free issue two years ago. In 1961 H.P. Sauce showed increased sales, which more than offset lower margins, while last spring the chairman reported the board as reasonably confident that 1962 would show further satisfactory results.

As well as making groceries, one profitable line of expansion in recent years has proved to be selling them—Fitch Lovell have been moving into the retailing business. One of the biggest grocery retailing groups is Allied Suppliers, formerly Home and Colonial Stores, in which Unilever have an important share interest. Though Allied Suppliers operate well over 3,000 shops, including over 700 self-service units, its investment standing suffered from the sharp profit setback of 1960, when the directors had to omit the previous year's 2½ per cent. bonus. Earnings recovered in 1961 and better results are expected for the current trading period. Against this, heavy spending will be needed on Allied Suppliers' retail development over the next few years. The directors have been drastically reorganising the shop side, and closed more than 300 small and unprofitable branches last year.

Smaller than Allied Suppliers, but with a rather more successful record are Moores Stores, the North of England group. Owning over 800 branches, Moores are in process of acquiring Thrift Stores of the north of England which will raise their total retail outlets to over 1,000. Moores, who are linked with the Wright's Biscuits group, already operate more than 100 self-service shops, which have helped to raise trading profits from only £400,000 five years ago to over £850,000 last year. Mr. W. P. Webster has indicated that sales are running above the 1961 level and that the dividend should be raised to at least 30 per cent., against last year's equivalent of 26·7 per cent.

For investors, one drawback of the grocery producing and retailing business is that its potential has been widely recognised, so that high yields are difficult to obtain. People looking for income will prefer H.P. Sauce, which still offers 4¼ per cent. Allied Suppliers offers only slightly less, but the main question here remains the extent of recovery over the next few years. Cerebos and Moores Stores, both with above-average growth records, offer between 3½ and 4 per cent.: Cerebos seems an outstanding food share for capital growth over the years.

REFRIGERATORS OFF THE LINES

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

The Morphy-Richards (Astral) Limited factory at Gourdie, Dundee, was opened officially last year by Mr. Richard Wood, the Minister of Power. Situated on the Dundee City north-west boundary, the factory covers an area of approximately eight acres, making it one of the largest single unit factories under one roof to be built in Scotland. It was specifically designed for high volume flow production of Morphy-Richards' "Astral" refrigerators, but it incorporates built-in features capable of adapting the production lines for the manufacture of other products.

The factory and office buildings are in a rectangular structure, with a roof of the Warren Girder construction. The two-storeyed administrative block is at the front of the building, separated from the main production and service floor by a courtyard. The building also includes canteens, a dining-room and a kitchen. A boiler-house and garage are located nearby. The production flows from the off-loading section at the west of the factory to the loading section at the east.

By the off-loading section is the stores area, where crane bays are provided to handle the incoming materials. Beyond the north crane bay is the area for cabinet production, where the sheet material is cut to size on power guillotines. The cabinet is then fabricated on power presses and press brakes, which use special purpose tooling. The cabinet components are assembled by spot welding technique, and it is then placed on an overhead monorail conveyor and delivered to the finishing department, or paint shop.

This area employs the most up-to-date processing plant available. The cabinet, arriving on the monorail, passes through an automatic trichlorethylene degreasing system at high level. It is then moved to the main paint conveyor at low level. On this conveyor the cabinets are stove enamelled, inspected and ultimately delivered to the west side of the factory for final assembly on four conveyor lines. The finished product is electrically tested.

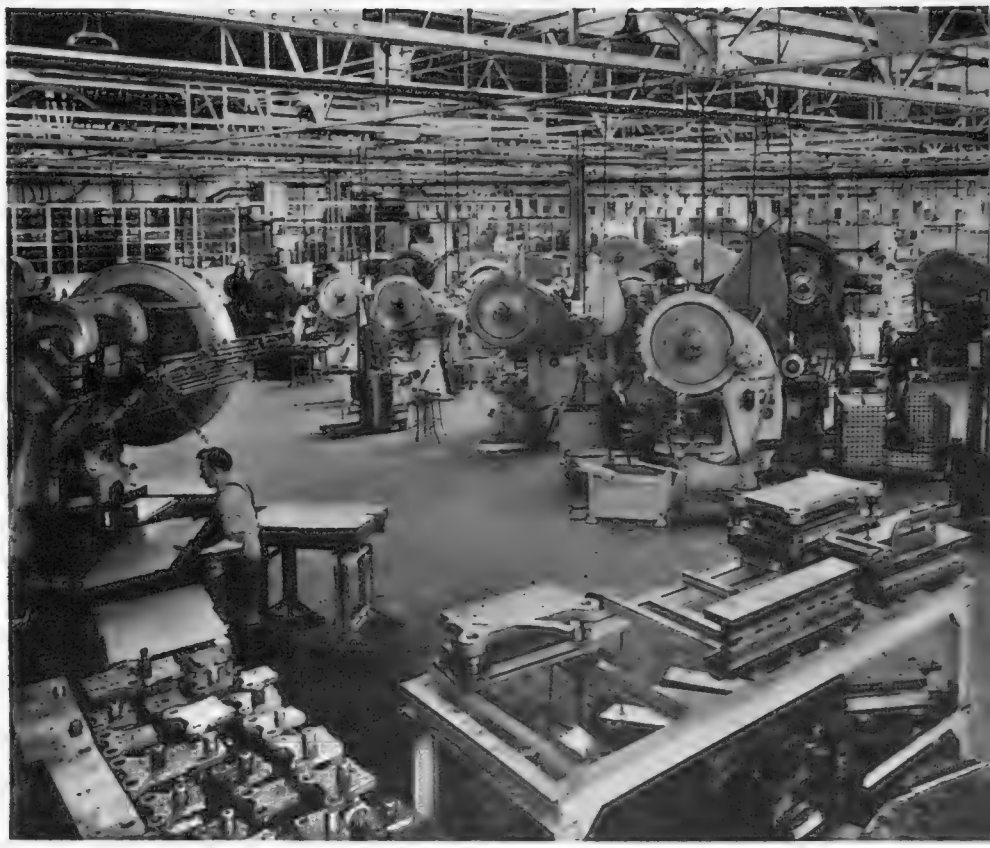
The south crane bay handles other incoming materials, mostly steel tube and steel strip, for absorption cooling unit production. The plant here includes a semi-automatic degreasing system, tube bending machines, welding equipment; an automatic charging plant is in process of being installed. The cooling units, after manufacture, are air tested by high pressure, to ensure weld soundness, and are then put on an overhead conveyor for descaling, phosphating, painting and stoving. After testing they are delivered to the final lines, where they are assembled with the cabinets to make the finished product.

A view of part of the refrigerator assembly section showing the paint shop delivery conve

A slim-line cooling suit is fitted to a refrigerator 3 cub. ft. in size

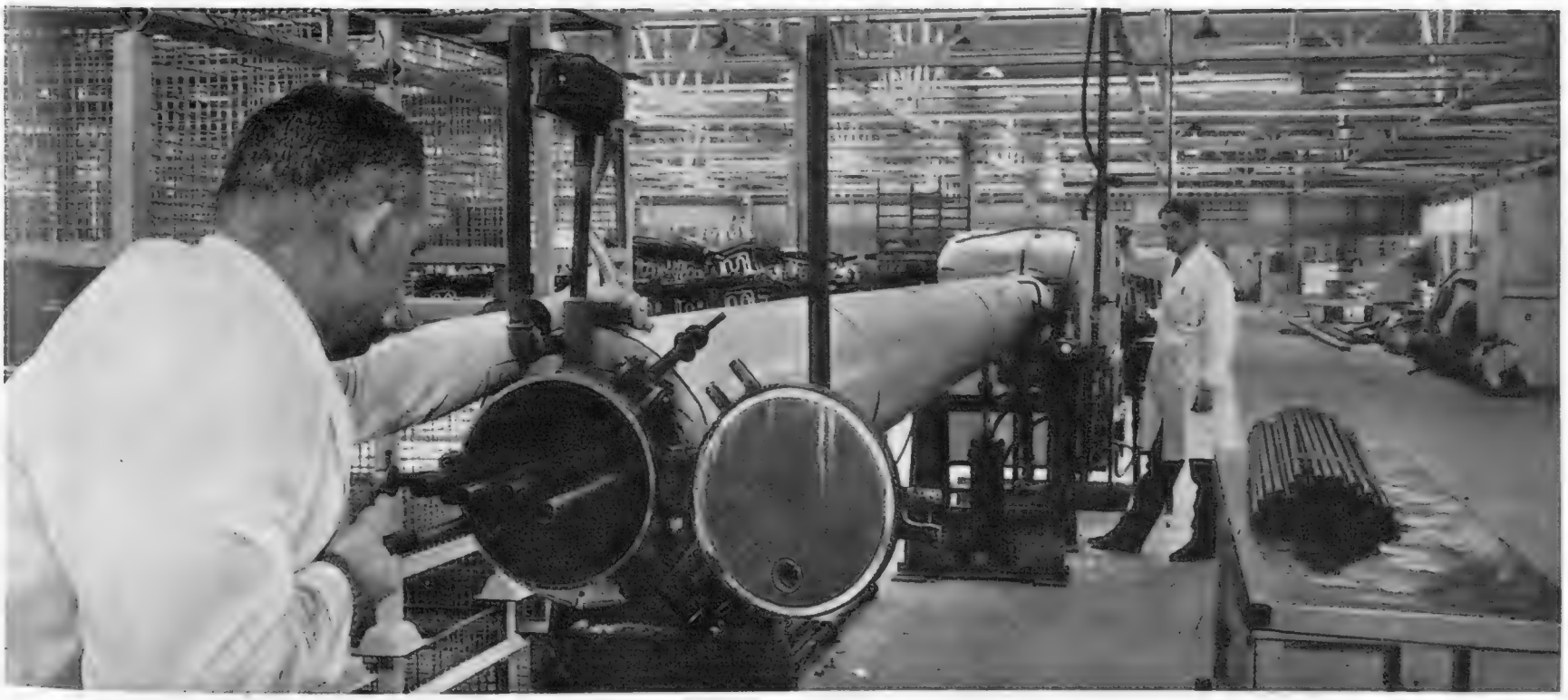
Preparing the absorption unit for application of insulation

t the Morphy-Richards factory at Gourdie, Dundee



The main press shop for refrigerator cabinet manufacture

An overhead conveyor system delivers cabinets to the automatic spray plant



The machine which automatically degreases tubes up to 20 ft. long which are used in the manufacture of absorption units

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

The " Glorious Twelfth "—which, in fact, fell on the thirteenth this year—heralds the beginning of an exciting period not only for the sportsman, but for the epicure as well. I have heard it being referred to as the beginning of the gastronomic year.

By the time these lines appear, the results of the first shoots will be just nicely hung and ready for the oven. For, in my view, a few days judicious hanging, determined by the weather, temperature and humidity, is essential. Apart from sufficient hanging, variable according to individual taste, there is really no problem in the preparation of grouse.

Provided it is a young bird, and this is important, there is only one way of cooking it—by roasting. All agree that the breast of the bird must be covered with larding bacon for at least the major part of the time it is cooking. This is necessary, for game birds have no fat of their own worth mentioning, and there is nothing more disappointing than a grouse which comes to table in a desiccated condition.

To prevent this it is also necessary to time the meal in such a way that no time is wasted when the bird is cooked, for keeping it hot will also make it dry.

Mrs. Beeton and other older writers advocated putting a piece of raw steak inside the grouse while it is cooking; this was also aimed at keeping the bird moist. Some modern experts leave the liver and heart inside with a lump of butter, others merely insert the lump of butter. It is also customary to serve grouse on a crouton, which has been placed under it in the roasting tin towards the end of the cooking time, and has soaked up all the escaping juices, so that not a drop is wasted.

While four-legged game calls for a robust Burgundy, with grouse, I would say, Claret is the most desirable wine. It should be a generous type, but not too full bodied. Generally speaking, and without regard to particular vintage characteristics, Médocs come to mind first, especially the communes of St. Estephe, Pauillac, St. Julien and Margaux, and St. Emilion next.

The new self-carve buffet in the Trocadero

That Edwardian bastion of fine food, meticulous service and a distinguished cellar, the " Troc " is now offering something new and different. The Salted Almond room has been completely changed, and a form of " Carvery," similar to others so successful in other Lyons establishments, has been installed.

This was the idea of Charles Bradshaw, who thought out the new type of service in collaboration with his head chef, Monsieur Beaufort. " We want to attract the younger people," said Mr. Bradshaw to me; " it is important to make this place known to the up and coming generations. What we have done here is to provide simple, but ample meals served very quickly. After a short time only we can see that this is something that is wanted."

The main principle of the new Salted Almond is that you help yourself to the main course—not only help yourself, but carve for yourself, and what is more, you take as much as you like. Melon, Soup, Prawn Cocktail or Grapefruit Cocktail is served at the table, and after that you walk over to the tastefully arranged counter, which includes two hot plates. One of these has Scotch Rib of Beef, the other Roast Turkey, and you carve for yourself. There is also cold roast beef and cold turkey if you prefer it. The other cold dishes are more unusual; they are Fried Plaice on the Bone, with Horseradish and Beetroot Sauce and Turbot in a sweet-sour creamy pimento sauce.

Laid out in appetising order are hot vegetables, roast potatoes, a variety of salads, and a choice of dressings, of which I particularly liked the vinaigrette containing chopped egg.

After such an abundant main course, there is a good choice of puddings or cheeses (served at the table again), and rolls, butter, and coffee are all included in the very reasonable charge of 18s. 6d.

Only a few wines are mentioned on the reverse side of the menu picked out of the fabulous " Troc " list, but no doubt the full list will be offered if anyone should ask for it. The few wines recommended are basic, but well chosen, and reasonably priced. Of the two Clarets, for example, one is a simple St. Emilion at 17s., the other a Château Cantenac-Brown 1952 at 21s. A selection of five simple wines is also available by the glass or carafe.

MOTORING

THE MORRIS 1100

By **COURTENAY**

The Morris 1100 announced this week in the marque's jubilee year, is not just another new British car. It is a family saloon of outstandingly bold design which I predict will make a big impact on motoring in many countries. This 1,098-c.c. four-seater, with its 4-cylinder engine mounted transversely, like the British Motor Corporation Minis, and driving the front wheels, has disc brakes at the front and a suspension system which represents a technical break-through of great importance.

It is the " Hydrolastic " system evolved by Moulton Developments, Ltd., a B.M.C. subsidiary. Each wheel is independently sprung by a unit comprising a rubber cone " filled " with water. The Hydrolastic units on each side of the car are interconnected by a narrow-bore pipe running beneath the body to help keep the car on an even keel.

When, say, the near front wheel hits a bump and is forced upwards, a tapered piston rises in the cone spring attached to that wheel and sends water through a valve, out of the cone and along the pipe connecting it to the suspension unit of the near rear wheel. The water, acting on the valve in this rear spring unit, pushes that wheel up to match the attitude of the one in front, thus giving a self-levelling effect.

The rubber cones are similar in concept to those which give such effective independent springing to the Minis, but the use of water (with anti-freeze added !) carries this form of springing a big step forward.

I have road-tested the new Morris over many hundreds of miles and found the Hydrolastic suspension most impressive. Its biggest virtue is the remarkable way in which it reduces pitch and bounce. The effectiveness of the water link between front and rear wheels quickly becomes apparent when the car is driven over rough roads. Potholes and other bumps seem to disappear magically and the car then resembles a soft-sprung American car. The Hydrolastic system gives a soft ride at modest speeds, with progressive and automatic stiffening as speed increases. The combination of disc brakes at the front and drums at the rear gives smooth, safe deceleration. On hills there was no sign of brake fade.

Looking through the windscreen of the Morris 1100

The design of the seats and the driving position in general are admirable and help to give the comfortable feeling that you are always firmly in charge of the car. Mr. Alec Issigonis and his design team have wisely put the wheels as close as possible to the corners of the car. Helped by the fact that there is no transmission tunnel, they have provided generous interior dimensions. In this respect they have repeated the Mini formula and, too, the Farina-styled body is of simple, functional shape. It is a good-looking, elegant car and one that is likely to remain in production for a long time without any major styling changes.

The Morris 1100 is shorter and lower than the Morris Minor 1000. It is half an inch wider, has more leg room and 14-in. more effective rear seat width. It is not intended as a replacement of the Minor, which will continue in production as long as there is a worth while demand.

I like the new car's simple, descriptive name. It develops 48 b.h.p. at 5,100 r.p.m. and gives a top speed of close on 80, with a maximum of around 60 in the third of the four ratios.

Prices of the new Morris range from £661 for the basic two-door saloon to £695 for the de luxe four-door saloon I tested. It seems likely that other versions of the 1100 will be produced later on with other B.M.C. marque names, including, possibly, an M.G. for the U.S. market.

Features of the new car which particularly appealed to me are the warning light which comes on when the oil and filter need changing; the curved door panels and windows to give maximum width at elbow and shoulder height; provision of an expansion tank to give a " sealed " cooling system which requires topping up only a couple of times a year; availability of real leather as an optional extra; the roomy pockets in the front doors; and the fact that there are only four greasing points (on the steering assembly).

Here is a car which I believe will rival the popularity of the B.M.C. Mini, of which well over 400,000 have been built since it was announced three years ago this month, and which has attained a production rate of over 5,000 a week, with 8,000 a week as the target.

An ingenious new system of vehicle registration has been devised for the use of those licensing authorities who run out of letter-and-number combinations under the old regime. It simply consists of adding a letter to the familiar combination of three letters and three figures;

S LAUNCHED

A family saloon for jubilee year

DWARDS

The new Morris 1100, showing the front and rear design

a letter which will also serve the purpose of showing at a glance the year in which a car was built.

If, as seems likely, Middlesex and Staffordshire are forced to start issuing the new symbols before the end of the year, the letter A will indicate that any vehicle bearing it was first licensed in 1962. Next year the letter B would be used to denote manufacture in 1963. Only four of the alphabet's letters will not be used under this scheme—I, O, Q and Z—so the system will last for twenty-two years. The " year " letter can then be put at the front of the registration symbol, giving another twenty-two years.

Not every motorist will be happy at the thought of having the age of his car blatantly advertised in this way, especially if he happens to register it in the closing days of December! The new symbols will, of course, come into use very gradually and I am glad to know that the Ministry of Transport will continue to allow motorists to transfer from one car to another pet registration symbols. You know what I mean: markings like Lord Brabazon's FLY-1, Mr. Gerald Nabarro's NAB-1 and Mr. Jack Barclay's JB-1. The Ministry has decided, however, to charge £5 to cover the administrative costs involved.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents has been taking a look at the accident statistics over the last few years to find out when most of the casualties occur. Saturday is still the worst day of the week and Saturday night is the most tragic period. " Last year," says Rospa, " casualties averaged 105 an hour between 10 p.m. and midnight on Saturdays. A third of these were severe and the hourly death toll was at least three. One inevitably wonders to what extent this is the price paid for road users drinking and driving."

Friday is the second most dangerous day on the roads. Taking the week as a whole the worst time is between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m.—the week-day home-going rush hour. The " safest " day of the week is Tuesday.

The Ministry of Transport has been indulging in an orgy of road-opening and now we have news that work is starting at once on the first two lengths of the M1 extension: from Crick, in Northamptonshire, to Lutterworth; and from Lutterworth to Whetstone in Leicestershire. Total length of these two stretches of motorway will be 15½ miles and they will cost nearly £9,000,000.

The complete M1 extension will be 86½ miles long and will run through Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire to join the Doncaster motorway by-pass on the Great North Road. Opening the Stafford by-pass, Mr. Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport, pointed out that forty miles of motorway had been opened to traffic in the past fortnight. This meant, he said, that nearly 190 miles of motorway were now in use. It was planned to complete about 1,000 miles of motorway by the early 1970's.

Briefly. . . . Space-saving sets of lightweight glass fibre luggage cases for Jaguar and Rover cars have been introduced by the Airport Luggage Company and are being distributed by the Henly Organisation. Prices from £15 to £51. . . .

The Ford competition department, now run by Syd Henson, has engaged thirty-five-year-old Frenchman René Trautmann as a member of their rally team. He is one of Europe's finest rally drivers. . . .

Paddington (London) Borough Council has received Ministerial approval for the installation of 430 two-hour and 139 five-hour parking meters. Charge for the long-term meters will be 2s. 6d. . . .

Although the Government has decided to allow car drivers to use mopeds without further test it will be two or three months before the necessary regulations can be made.

Air comfort to

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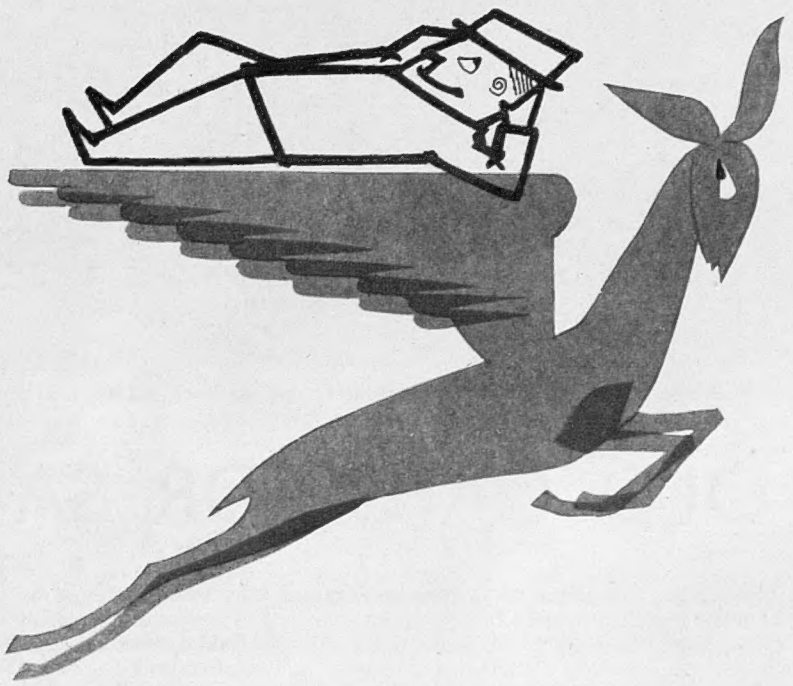

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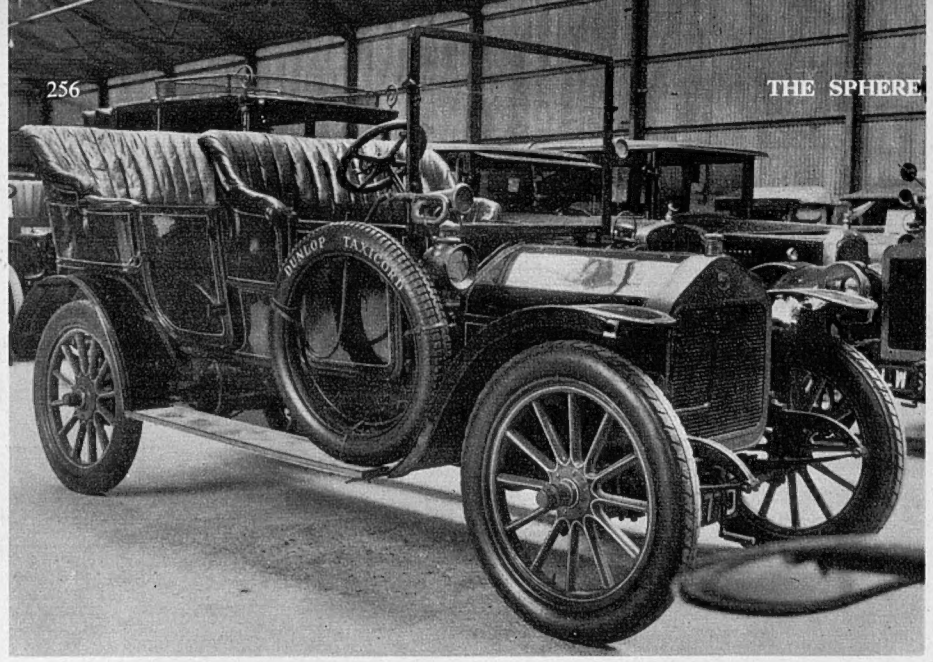
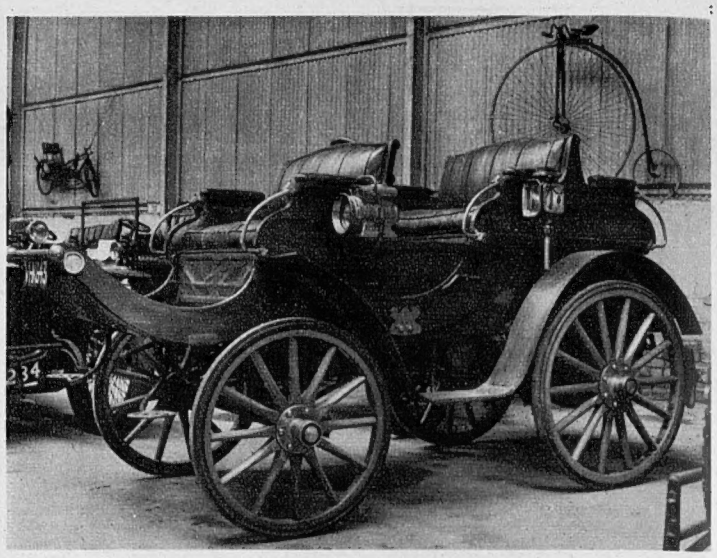


Among cars on sale will be this Wolseley Siddeley 12-h.p. tourer of 1906



An Arrol-Johnston dog cart of 1904

OLD CARS FOR SALE

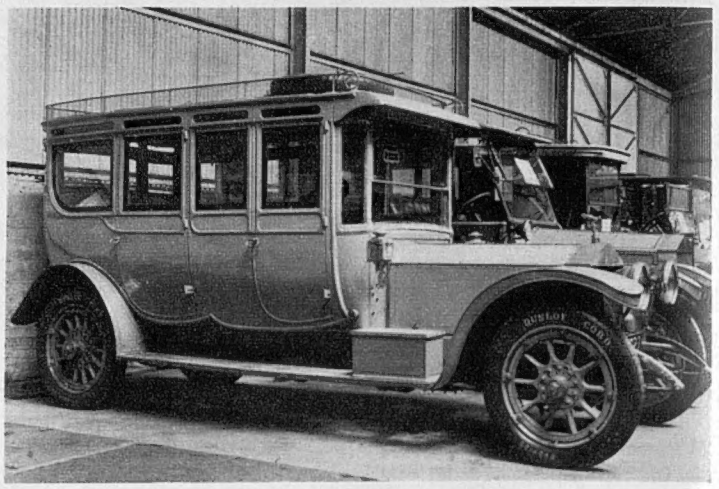
A remarkable assortment of vintage and veteran cars will be offered by auction on September 7 at East Balgray Farm, Irvine, Ayrshire. They form the bulk of the famous Sword Collection lovingly assembled by Mr. John C. Sword, whose interest in all forms of transport, including horses, was a byword in West Scotland for many years. The actual number of vehicles to be offered by J. Watson and Son of Glasgow is 118 cars and 29 motor-cycles.

When Mr. Sword died in 1960 his trustees were faced with a difficult problem in deciding what to do with what had become a large private automobile museum housed at East Balgray Farm. It was eventually agreed to continue the museum but to reduce the number of exhibits to about fifty carefully-selected cars. These were chosen not only for their individual attractiveness but with a view to the museum being able to tell in full the story of the development of the motor-car.

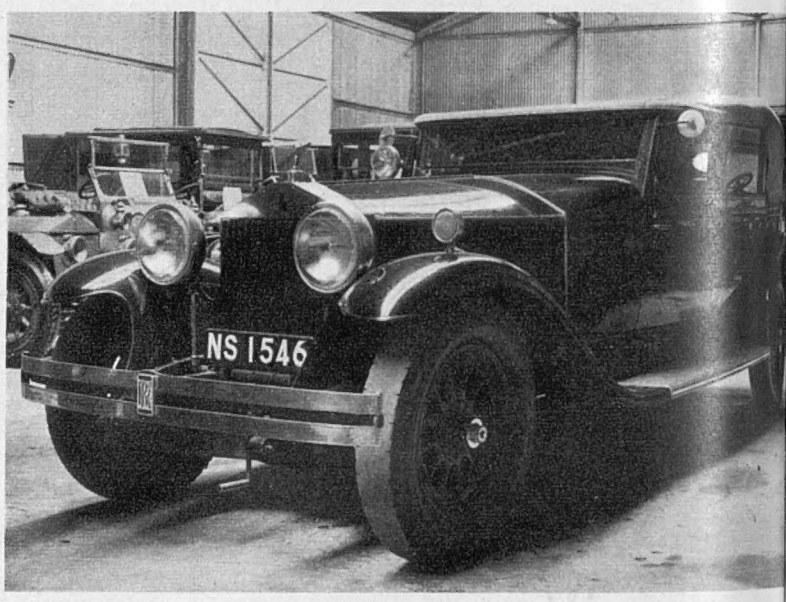
About fifty of the cars to be sold were built by 1917. Among them are a 1904 Arrol-Johnston dog cart, an 1896 Riker voiturette from the U.S.A., and an 1898 Daimler British lorry. A chance discovery has added greatly to the interest in a Riker electric car originally included in the sale list as minus an engine. The engine was found accidentally recently when the family of the late Mr. Sword were checking the contents of his property. Before the sale it was to be inserted in the Riker, built in New Jersey in 1896.

The new " streamlined " Sword museum will be maintained by Mr. William L. Sword, son of the founder. A suitable building to house the selected exhibits will be built during the next few years—possibly at Prestwick Airport—and the museum will be opened to the public. This permanent collection will incorporate a number of Scottish-built cars, among them samples of the Albion, Argyll, Arrol-Johnston, Beardmore and Galloway. They will be part of Scotland's first public motor museum.

Motoring enthusiasts will be delighted to learn that the best of the Sword Collection is being retained in this way and that offers from America to buy the whole collection were not entertained. The Sword Collection really dates from 1945 and the cars mainly cover the period from 1900 to 1930. The products of foreign factories are well represented. The cars which are being sold include British, American, Canadian, Italian, German, French, Scottish and Belgian. **C. E.**

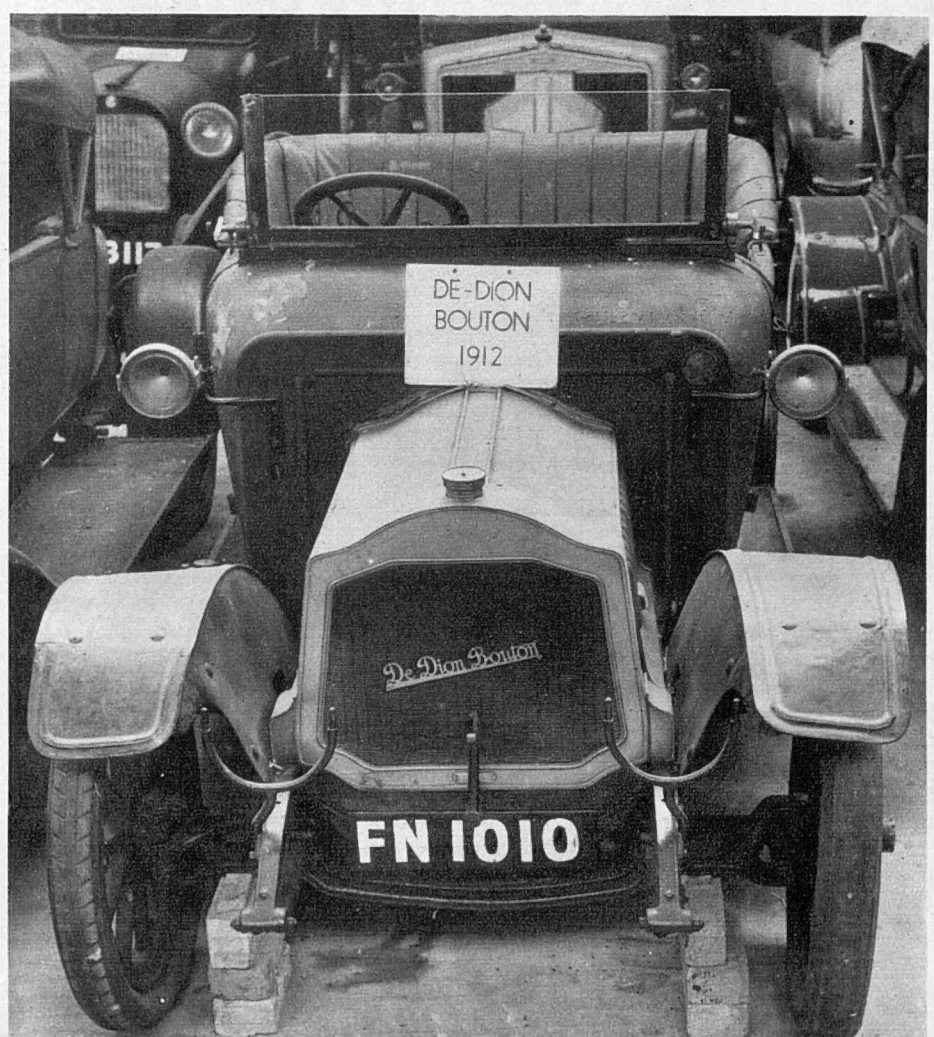


A Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost seven-seat limousine of 1912



Another Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost with American bodywork of 1928

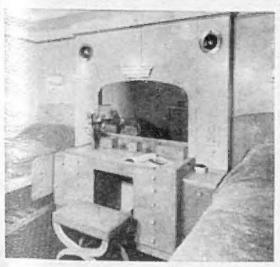
A De Dion Bouton dating from 1912



A Daimler lorry from 1898

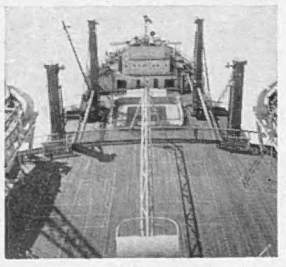
To South Africa THE ELLERMAN WAY

Of course it's luxurious, but it isn't just luxury on ELLERMAN ships. As you step inside your own cabin-suite you enjoy a pleasant feeling of well-to-do well-being. Very soon, you experience a new kind of service from the ship's company, almost old-world in its courtesy and attentiveness. Our passengers (many of whom are experienced world-travellers and good judges in this matter) tell us that our ships' cuisine is equal to that of any five-star restaurant anywhere. Fine ships and fine service, maintaining a fine tradition of quiet competence . . . this is the ELLERMAN way to South Africa.



A typical double room on the "City of Exeter." Cabins on Ellerman ships are on either "A" or "B" decks . . . light, airy and beautifully appointed.

The "City of Durban" restaurant spans the full width of the ship and seats all passengers at one service . . . providing a cuisine for which Ellerman ships are renowned.

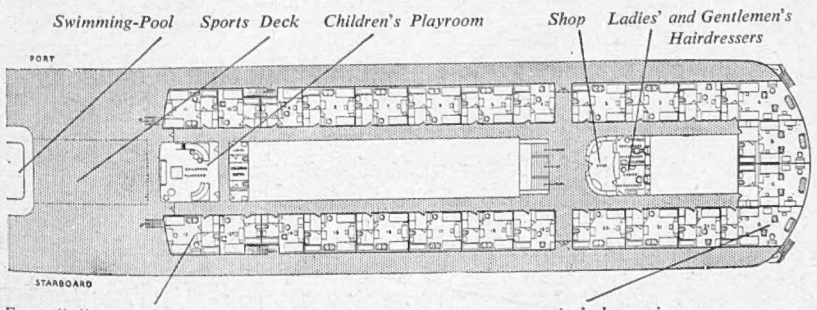


The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, drawing-room and library.

The service is maintained by the T.s.m.v. *City of Port Elizabeth, City of Exeter, City of York,* and *City of Durban,* each accommodating 100 passengers in single and double rooms (with removable Pullman berths for children). These ships afford superb passenger amenities. All rooms have windows or portholes and there are electric fans in addition to mechanical ventilation.

Every fourteen days an Ellerman "City" class ship sails for South Africa, Lourenco Marques and Beira. Passage rates are competitive . . . an outside double room (to Cape Town), for example, with private bathroom *en suite*, is £175 per adult (£132 per adult on a 12-passenger vessel). Full information can be obtained from Ellerman Lines, Passenger Office, 29/34 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or from all Shipping and travel agents.

"A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP



Every "A" Deck room, whether "single" or "double," has a private bathroom and toilet en suite.

The staterooms are particularly spacious and luxuriously furnished with every requisite for comfort and convenience.

ELLERMAN Lines *serve the world*

Why are some people as particular about their cigarettes—
THREE CASTLES or PASSING CLOUDS—as they are about their trout flies?

A cigarette can be nearly successful. Or absolutely so. It's the same with trout flies.

Certain people (maybe you're one of them?) will always seek such performance—and find it in Three Castles or Passing Clouds. The reason is simple. Though different in shape—one is round, the other oval—both cigarettes are made *for* perfectionists *by* perfectionists: made by Wills, who now have nearly two hundred years' experience of presenting fine Virginia tobacco at its most satisfying. Explore their possibilities next time you buy. You'll make one of them *your* choice.

Fine cigarettes by W.D. & H.O. WILLS